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The Shape of Things

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NO FEATURE OF THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN has been so thoroughly dishonest and contemptible as the recently exposed practice of inserting notices in workers' pay envelopes warning them of wage deductions under the Social Security Act. In attempting to arouse working-class opposition to a law which is patently to labor's advantage the Republicans have not hesitated at inconsistency or misrepresentation, and have even indulged in a little outright lying. Contrary to the implication of these notices, the Social Security Act is not a partisan measure but passed Congress with the active support of both Republicans and Democrats. The deduction from the workers' pay may be indefensible from the standpoint of true social security, but it was imposed as a concession to the very elements that are now suddenly rushing to the defense of the workers. The maximum tax is incorrectly stated as being 4 per cent instead of 3 per cent, and there is more than an implication that the government might go back on its promise to return the wage deductions, with interest, to the employees as old-age annuities. Lies are notoriously hard to combat, especially in the heat of an election campaign. But President Roosevelt could effectively take the wind out of the Republican sails by announcing in his next radio broadcast that he will recommend a revision of the law removing the tax from the workers and placing it entirely on the employers, where it properly belongs.

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WE HOPE THE LA FOLLETTE COMMITTEE investigating the violation of civil liberties is equipped with a thumb-tack artist. If it is, let him hang up a map and stick in a tack at those points where Earl Browder, the duly nominated candidate of a legal political party, has been forcibly prevented from speaking. At those points it will be discovered that violation of the Bill of Rights is nothing unusual; the American Legion will be found to be riding high, with the local authorities, the press, and the leading employers generally lending aid. This alliance may be, for the present, loose and half invisible; it may seem like a local phenomenon. But it is probably linked, loosely still, with similar alliances all over the country. Certainly the "direct" methods of Tampa and Terre Haute are all too similar; and if the local boys are not already in touch with each other and with some higher power such as the American Liberty League, they can be

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"coordinated" quickly when the time is ripe. To expose and break and keep broken the threads of a web which is as yet weak but definitely fascist in pattern is one of the important functions of democratic government. Government agencies might well turn their attention from the deportation of refugees from European fascism to the clipping of fascist wings at home.

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THE DEATH OF SENATOR COUZENS OF Michigan, just after his defeat for reelection, ends the career of one of the most courageous, useful, and honest members of the Senate. The amazing romance of his career —a fortune of $30,000,000 acquired as a result of his investment of $1,000 in Henry Ford's car and his subsequent organization and brilliant management of the Ford Motor Company—never threw him off his balance or gave him an inflated idea of his own importance. He refused to be bound by narrow party ties. Indeed, he told the electors last summer that the reelection of President Roosevelt was the most important matter confronting the nation, and that the outcome of his own candidacy for the Senate was "neither important to the nation nor me." His long experience in the affairs of a large corporation made it possible for him to meet on equal terms the business men who appeared before Congress, notably when he was chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. They could pull no wool over his eyes, nor baffle him by any intricate points they raised. The Michigan Democrats who backed him last spring characterized him as "one who cannot understand the fight of the Republican Party for the almighty dollar and its disregard for human rights." A great fighter, Senator Couzens never hesitated to oppose rich men and the big business interests. He will be remembered for the fight he waged against Secretary Mellon and the tax favors which he charged Mr. Mellon with granting to the big corporations. Throughout his term of office he fought for increasing the income-tax rates in the higher income groups. Without being a progressive himself, he was often of the greatest value to the progressive bloc in Congress.

*

THE ARREST OF THE BELGIAN REXIST LEADER, Leon Degrelle, may indicate a general tightening by democratic governments in the treatment of fascist violence. Franco, Mosley, Degrelle, Doriot are the present luminaries in the fascist heaven. Spurred by Hitler's success, they are adopting new tactics. They are all loud-mouthed men, but lung power has not been enough. For years Mosley, for example, has ranted to little effect. But now, responsive to the advice of Goebbels, he has carried his message and his thugs into the Jewish-populated East End of London, where his provocations can lead only to riots and pogroms. Sir John Simon, the British Home Secretary, evidently means to follow a hands-off policy, which is exactly what the fascists are counting on. But the immense protest from every source shows that the English people have a more realistic view. Roughly it runs as follows: Let the fascists talk so long as it is only talk. But let there be no uniforms permitted as badges of a private army. And as soon as a speech or a demonstration shows clearly that its consequence will be to incite to riot and violence, let the law come down with all its force. This is the method that is now being used with success in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. It is a method and a problem that Americans may have to face in the not distant future.

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WHILE THE UNITED STATES CONCERNS ITSELF with the outpourings of political aspirants and their supporters, in person, in the press, on the air, all irresponsibly charging fascism and communism and the betrayal of democracy, the reality behind these tags dominates the diplomatic war that all Europe is engaged in as well as the desperate physical war in Spain. In this week's *Nation* Europe's realities are drawn into focus in three articles that taken together form a picture of progress toward chaos. Louis Fischer, from the dangerous vantage-point of Madrid, describes the eager hope of Soviet help that lifts the hearts of the desperate defenders of Spain's—and perhaps Europe's—democracy. Meanwhile, Russian efforts are checkmated at London, and French sympathies are drowned in the fears and vacillations of the Blum government, which Robert Dell on another page exposes as a helpless appendage to the British Foreign Office. In England labor's efforts in behalf of European democracy are similarly diluted. Harold Laski analyzes the fateful divisions and the naive credulity which combine to emasculate the attempts of British labor to direct or modify the government's policy. When the pieces are put together, the resulting picture of Europe is about as somber as a landscape could be.

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DESPITE BLUM'S NON-INTERVENTION FIASCO, the French Popular Front government enters on its second six months with moderately favorable prospects. The Radical Socialist Congress at Biarritz voted unanimously to support Blum on condition that the stay-in strikes be suppressed and the budget balanced. While neither of these objectives will be easy to attain, Blum has promised that his budget will be "sound" and not create a huge deficit. On the left, the Communists are dissatisfied both with the government's policy of neutrality in the Spanish conflict and with the recent prohibition of Communist meetings, but have indicated no intention of abandoning their support of the Popular Front. Economic factors should work increasingly in the government's favor. Devaluation not only promises to stimulate general business activity but has made possible the belated introduction of the forty-hour week and other reforms which were voted last June. The government's greatest strength, however, lies not so much in anything it has accomplished as in the certainty that its downfall would bring chaos in France. Armed with this weapon Blum could, if he chose, make a real beginning toward introducing the Socialist commonwealth to which he professes allegiance.

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THE SUSPICION THAT GOVERNOR LANDON has a very inadequate conception of foreign affairs was fully confirmed in his Indianapolis speech, the first that he has given on the vital issues that will preoccupy the President during the next four years. That he should be against the League and World Court is not surprising, considering that he is a protege of Hearst's. Instead of collective security, he assures us that we may rely on goodwill, mediation, arbitration, and preparedness to pull us through the next four years and make this country an "oasis of peace" in a war-ridden world. However, lest he be mistaken for a pacifist, he opposes any specific pledge not to go to war, and utters a tacit warning against any country violating our neutral rights as Germany did in 1917. As a final touch of irony Mr. Landon, who has been touring the country denouncing the Hull reciprocal agreements, pleads for a "lowering of trade barriers and the reestablishment of healthy economic conditions." As against the contention that peace and recovery can only be assured if the United States is willing to modify its imperialistic aims, Mr. Landon merely denies that we have any such interests.

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THE MAN ON THE STREET CANNOT AFFORD to buy paintings. Ordinarily he cannot even buy prints at from $20 up. We have already commented on the admirable work being done by the WPA art projects in creating an art by and for the many. The problem has now been approached by the artists themselves from the side of distribution. The American Artists Group has lately announced the sale of a group of etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts at $2.75 each. The prints are unsigned and the number printed from one plate is unlimited. An attempt to popularize painting is being made by Living American Art, Incorporated, which four times a year will offer exhibitions of twelve paintings reproduced by the collotype process, almost indistinguishable, it is said, from the original. Some 250 exhibitions of the first twelve reproductions are being shown simultaneously in various American cities. Among the artists in the two groups are Jean Charlot, Asa Cheffetz, Howard Cook, Adolf Dehn, Mabel Dwight, Wanda Gag, William Gropper, Yasuo Kunioyoshi, John Sloan, Louis Bouche, Peggy Bacon, George Grosz, and Reginald Marsh. The collotype reproductions are for sale at $5 each and are available to libraries and schools as loan exhibits. The artists will receive royalties on the sale of these pictures. This is an encouraging sign that the fences in the art market which have kept artists isolated from their larger public and therefore impoverished are being broken down. There will soon be no reason why good pictures should not be as common, even in modest households, as good books.

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IN GREAT BRITAIN THIS MONTH COMPANIES of men are marching along many roads converging on London. They are the unemployed from the distressed and derelict areas, where driblets of relief have kept them hanging by their fingernails to the subsistence level, where they have gone without work and suffered the rigors of the means test long enough. Now they are carrying their case direct to the government at Westminster. The Jarrow marchers from the north of England, whom Mr. Laski mentions on another page, started 200 strong on October 5, after attending special services in the church and being blessed by the bishop. They were accompanied on the first ten miles of their way by the mayor and the alderman and on the whole journey by Miss Ellen Wilkinson, Jarrow's M.P. At the same time 400 are marching from Scotland and 500 from South Wales, welcomed along their way by town officials with offers of food and lodging. The ineptitude of the government in handling relief has just been emphasized by the resignation of Malcolm Stewart, Commissioner for Special Areas, who could no longer put up with the entirely inadequate measures he was allowed to take. Yet the first thing the Cabinet did on Baldwin's return was to declare that the marches were "altogether undesirable" and could have no "constitutional influence on policy," and that the Ministers would receive no deputations. While the Cabinet was thus drawing aside its skirts, the King announced his intention of making a personal tour of inspection of the distressed areas in South Wales. What can be said of a government that takes even less responsibility than its supposed "figurehead"?

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THE VANGUARD PRESS "HAS THE HONOR TO announce" the publication of James T. Farrell's new novel, "A World I Never Made." But not in the New York *Times*. According to a statement issued by the publishers on October 23, the *Times* has refused to advertise Mr. Farrell's book because the novel is "too frank." The issue is not one of censorship. An advertisement may be refused for any adequate reason. One can only quarrel, in the present case, with the adequacy of the *Times's* reasons. As its own reviewer pointed out on the same day the publishers' announcement was made, the book "is a broad human scene, peopled by characters unmistakably human and deplorably true to life." It is the case of "Ulysses" over again, a book which was certainly "frank" but not—and the highest courts finally so declared—in any sense of the word salacious. Mr. Farrell's high seriousness has never been questioned. More than that, he is an author whose performance has equaled his intent. His "Studs Lonigan" trilogy can stand comparison with Dreiser's best work. And to make the parallel complete, one need only recall that "Sister Carrie," which has been duly advertised more than once in our best journals, was refused publication for many years because it was thought to be improper and degrading. What the *Times* is said to object to is Mr. Farrell's "language." His characters talk the language of the streets; his small boy talks and thinks in the words that a small boy knows. But the offense, if there is any, lies not in the words themselves but in the poverty and ignorance out of which they rise. When our censors of bad language protest against these also, we shall be able to accept their censorship of words with better grace.

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Address to the Candidates

GENTLEMEN: We have been listening to addresses from you during the entire campaign. Now on the eve of the election, when we know that you will have nothing to say that you have not already said over and over, we want you to listen to an address from us. Hitherto it is you who have done the talking. Now it is we who are about to speak—we, the people of the United States, gathered in the greatest assembly world history has known—the assembly of 45,000,000 men and women about to vote at the polls.

But before we let our ballots speak for us, there are certain preliminary things we want to make clear. One is that there are not many countries left on this unhappy globe in which gentlemen like yourselves are so tolerated or given so wide a scope for showing yourselves foolish and wise, and in which the final word is left with people like ourselves. For that fact both you and we should be thankful—thankful for a democracy, however imperfect, in which the candidates speak but the ballot talks.

Then we want it made clear that we are not as dull-witted as some commentators have implied. We have looked you over at your rear-platform appearances, crowded around you at mass-meetings from one end of the continent to the other, applauded you when you were intrepid and glowed when you were benign, heard you praise our cities, our climate, our state houses, our governors, our wisdom, and ourselves, dialed on and off as your voices came over the radio, listened to your sound trucks, read your publicity handouts—and we think we have your measure. You are in so many ways like ourselves—small and big by turns, decisive and weak. Only this brief moment has given you what added stature you have. It will not be long before most of you are forgotten men, merged with the middle-class and labor and capitalist ranks from which you have come.

We have not been wholly taken in. These newspaper scare headlines about Moscow and Mr. Roosevelt have left most of us cold, even when several of your number (including Mr. Thomas) have repeated the charge. The fact that most of the press has thundered away on one side has served only to undermine what faith we may have had in the truthfulness and detachment of newspaper owners. Our votes are of course influenced by words, and words can be wooed with money, but today on the eve of election it seems clear that our votes cannot be bought by campaign funds or frightened by the last-minute pay-envelope lies from our employers.

We do not claim too much for ourselves. There are some—mainly literary men and philosophers—who put a halo around us. They do it out of their deep and abiding need for belief, and so they reach for depths of wisdom in the folk-mind. But there is no mystical wisdom in us. Sometimes we can be stupid and blind, as we were at Terre Haute when we threw eggs at one of you—Mr. Browder—in order that we might not have to face his words, and again at Tampa when we overturned the platform on which he was speaking. Usually we are overzealous in our allegiances, and even where popular devotion has some sort of a genuine base, as with Mr. Roosevelt, we allow it to become a sort of shining hero-worship. Our only wisdom is that our political sense is finally rooted in our jobs and our daily lives. On the whole we have come to understand that the forces that mold our jobs and livelihoods are national forces and must be dealt with in national terms.

Listen, candidates. We have been mulling over your speeches. Some of you have told us a lot of things that aren't so. What is it we want from whichever of you is elected? We want a chance to apply our energy and skill and devotion to our jobs—and we want an economic set-up in which we can have jobs to apply ourselves to. We want a measure of security in our lives, so that we and our families won't have to face the blankness of a future without hope. We want peace: at least, we don't want our decisions about war and peace made by munitions manufacturers and war profiteers and sticklers for the freedom of the seas. These are for us the issues behind the issues of the campaign. And when we hear all your talk of prosperity or bureaucracy, when we hear Mr. Landon shout about the American way and Mr. Roosevelt assert his fidelity to the profit system, when we hear Mr. Roosevelt talk about being a "good neighbor" and Mr. Landon display his ignorance on foreign affairs, we try to translate it all into the simple terms we understand—jobs, security, peace.

What lies ahead of us and you—after we have spoken at the polls—we don't know. One thing we do know is that this election will be only a stage in America's search for a way of order and security in a world of crisis and chaos. There will be other elections and other candidates and other programs before we end our search. For the present let us say our adieus. And let us add that to have known you all and to have listened to your speeches and promises and warnings, while it has been an exhausting experience, has not been entirely without profit.

The Soviets Accept a Challenge

IN CONCLUDING a general understanding with Italy, Hitler has scored the most important of a long series of diplomatic successes. Eighteen months ago when Germany first announced its plan for rearmament, Mussolini was so apprehensive about the Nazi military program that he entered unreservedly into the Stresa front. At that time informed observers were practically unanimous in saying that personal jealousy between the two dictators and rivalry over Austria precluded any possible agreement between them. Ethiopia, Spain, and the growing strength of the Soviet Union have altered the picture. The differences over Austria were patched up last summer, and the present agreement covers the recognition of Italy's

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conquest of Ethiopia, as well as the Locarno pact, the League, Central Europe, and Spanish policy. The two fascist powers are united in their opposition to collective security and to any form of international agreement which would hinder their common expansionist plans. Whether the understanding goes as far as a military alliance must be left for conjecture, but since both countries think of diplomacy largely in terms of bayonets it may be assumed that military cooperation has not been ignored.

The secret of fascist success in the field of diplomacy has been absurdly simple. Mussolini learned many years ago that the democratic countries would swallow almost any indignity that did not affect them too directly rather than run the risk of war. Hitler has not been slow in mastering the same technique. The method has its dangers, but they are minimized by the fact that the fascist leaders, by virtue of their command over the agencies which determine public opinion, are capable of making the most astonishing reversals of policy on a moment's notice. In the face of Mussolini's and Hitler's growing boldness the leaders of the democratic countries have crawled farther and farther into their shells. This was evident in the Ethiopian crisis, but it has been even more glaring in the controversy over Spain. Without question, M. Blum would like to have come to the assistance of the Spanish Popular Front government. But since, with Germany and Italy already aiding the rebels, such action was obviously dangerous, he turned to a general non-intervention pact. Nothing could have played more completely into the hands of the fascist powers. Having had no compunctions about aiding the rebels in defiance of international law, they had none in evading the non-intervention agreement. Blum had merely succeeded in signing the death warrant of democracy in Spain.

At this point we have the somewhat incongruous phenomenon of the Soviet government—long an uncompromising foe of capitalist democracy—coming to the rescue of the Spanish republic when all its sister democracies had thrown it to the foe. The Soviet statement before the London Non-Intervention Committee that it does not consider itself "bound by the non-intervention agreement to any greater extent than the remaining participants" still leaves the way open to collective action. But it is a clear-cut declaration of Russia's intention to aid the government of Spain against fascist intervention. Already the Soviets have dispatched a number of shipments of sorely needed food and clothing, accompanied—according to the British—by motor lorries, airplanes, and munitions of war. The British charges may or may not be correct, but it is significant that all the alleged Soviet shipments occurred after the Russian note pointing to German and Italian violations and threatening to withdraw from the non-intervention agreement.

It is difficult to see how the Soviet Union, single-handed, can turn the tide of the Spanish war. Geographically, the Soviets are under a tremendous handicap as compared with Italy or Germany. The Baltic ports, which are nearest the chief industrial centers, will soon be closed for the winter. Russia has no navy to use in beating off attacks on its ships. The fascist countries have an added advantage in that they have already put huge quantities of supplies in the hands of the rebels. But if the Soviet Union should destroy the neutrality pact so that England and France could furnish munitions to the government, it would have achieved its purpose. Because of its geographic situation France is in a position to render almost unlimited assistance, and shipments of arms might well be supported by more direct aid on the part of working-class and anti-fascist groups who fear that victory for the Spanish reactionaries would be a signal for a fascist coup at home. The Soviet Union may not be able to jolt Blum sufficiently to cause him to abandon his non-intervention policy, and it may have acted too late to save Madrid from the Moors. But at least it acted when all the supposed friends of democracy were supine.

Sacred Cows in New Haven

IN 1917 Professor James McKeen Cattell was fired (let us not be too nice in these matters even though we are moving in the upper intellectual circles) from Columbia University for activities connected with our entrance into the World War. This action cost Columbia another of its most eminent professors, because Charles A. Beard resigned in protest. It remains to be seen whether Yale University will lose any of its staff as a result of its failure to reappoint Jerome Davis, associate professor in the Divinity School. For Professor Davis's case promises to equal that of Professor Cattell in its importance for professors who dare to twist the tails of a university's sacred cows.

When questioned on the Davis case, President Angell declared that the question of academic freedom was in no sense involved. It was purely a financial matter; even Yale has suffered from a reduction of the life stream of a modern university—hard cash. "Mr. Davis," President Angell's statement for the press added, "has always been accorded full freedom of speech and action both in the classroom and outside. Neither the action of the board of permanent officers of the Divinity School nor that of the corporation is based upon dissent from his views."

In the light of this unequivocal statement a brief review of the case is in order. Mr. Davis came to Yale as assistant professor in 1923, with assurances that his academic future was bright. In 1925 Dean Charles R. Brown wrote him that he had every reason to hope for promotion to a full professorship at the end of a three-year term. But it was not until 1930 that the Yale Corporation, on the unanimous recommendation of the Divinity School, promoted him to the rank of associate professor. Since then Mr. Davis's further promotion has been coming up periodically, with a good deal of acrimonious argument in between. The Yale Corporation has opposed it for some time; the President has not favored it; and a year ago the Divinity School itself refused

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to recommend more than reappointment at the same rank.

Things evidently had been happening to bring about this change of heart. On October 13, 1925, President Angell, in a conversation reported by Mr. Davis, "mentioned the public censure and possible dismissal which would result if extensive protests continued as a result of outside speeches." On December 28, 1925, the President chided him in a letter for "your apparently unqualified acceptance of the sort of material which Mr. Fay and Mr. Barnes [Sidney B. Fay and Harry Elmer Barnes] have been publishing on the responsibility for the war." On December 30, 1926, Howell Cheney, a member of the Yale Corporation, wrote to Dean Weigle of the Divinity School that "New Haven men are particularly exercised by Professor Davis's efforts to unionize the non-union factories and employees in New Haven." In November, 1927, President Angell received a letter from E. M. Roberts, president of Chase Roberts and Company of Long Island City, asking: "Do you think that a man who associates with and believes in Anarchist, Bolshevist, and Communist (different names but all mean anarchy) is a fit person to teach in Yale College?" (Mr. Roberts may represent the Yale point of view in politics; it is to be hoped that his is not typical of the Yale epistolary style.) Late in 1935 an outraged mother who preferred not to sign her name complained to Mr. Angell: "Jerome Davis turned my son against his God, his home —Father and Mother. Shame on Yale, paying traitors to ruin Americans!"

It is quite likely that every college president receives letters of this sort. But the best of them keep a wastebasket handy. President Angell, for some reason or other, let them get under his skin. Incident followed incident. But the denouement which Mr. Davis had been expecting for five years was at hand. Last January a committee of which Mr. Davis was chairman invited Senator Gerald P. Nye to speak at Yale. Senator Nye had just charged the late Woodrow Wilson with falsehood in connection with his testimony on the secret treaties. This, to a number of Yale alumni, was lèse majesté of an unforgivable sort. President Angell not only insisted that the lecture be canceled but wrote a letter—on January 15—to Dean Weigle which riddles his denial that academic freedom had anything to do with Mr. Davis's dismissal. "Here is another little piece of sand in the gear box," he wrote, "which comes to me from one of our outraged alumni, in Reading, Pennsylvania. I must say that I think Jerome is becoming an increasing nuisance and my patience is inevitably wearing rather thin."

Jerome Davis has been well known for many years as a speaker and writer in liberal causes. He championed the recognition of Soviet Russia long before such championship became respectable. He has been active in urging—although not, as charged, in organizing—trade-union activity. He has published many volumes which have received the critical approval of his professional peers. His students protest that he is a stimulating teacher, one who "fills an invaluable place on the campus." But the President of Yale University found him a nuisance. And as a result he was fired.

Portrait of a Nation

TALL tales from Indiana of Lazy Jeff and old Squirelly—those less well-known brothers of Paul Bunyan—pueblos in New Mexico, the Georgia barn that saw the birth of Eli Whitney's cotton gin, the New York sky line, logging in Wisconsin, tobacco-curing in South Carolina, gold-panning in Colorado, the legend of the origin of Uncle Sam, a white Colonial church in Connecticut—these and a vast collection of kindred material in text and pictures make up a portrait of a country in the WPA's "American Guide."

As the major undertaking of the Federal Writers' Project, the "Guide" was planned first of all to give work to unemployed writers, secondly to create a project on which their previous experience and training would not be wasted, and lastly to produce not an ephemeral boondoggle but something of intrinsic value. The scheme involves a description for each locality of its history, legend, people, topography, means of livelihood, architecture, and whatever other indigenous peculiarities go to make a living portrait. While there will be individual guides for each state, a condensed version for the country as a whole will be published this winter in six volumes representing six geographical divisions. A preliminary exhibition showing excerpts from the text and examples of the illustrations is now on view at the New York Public Library.

The stuff of America is in this exhibit, from our clipper-ship and covered-wagon past to our gasoline-station present. One gets an armchair view of the country from the photographs, some of which—the sand dunes of Death Valley in California, navy planes flying in double-V formation against the clouds, a wrought-iron gate in a Delaware churchyard—are superb. Particularly those by a WPA worker named Highton are as good as any photography, excluding portraiture, being done by Americans today. Although the text suffers from occasional baedekerisms, it retrieves itself nobly at other times. The nameless author of the chapter on Nebraska has the touch of a genuine historian as he projects himself back into pioneer days and feels the shock of an icy gale when a shack door blows open in the bitter wintertime. And a refreshing irreverence, rare in guidebooks, actually makes good reading of a description of MacMonnies's statue of Civic Virtue in City Hall Park.

Some 6,000 people have been at work on the "American Guide"—reporters, photographers, magazine writers, map-makers. When the project found them, one had been sleeping in subways for a week, one had taken his hat from an ashcan, one had had nothing to eat for three days and fainted when he received his first salary check. These men are now being given work, as nearly as possible fitted to their training, that keeps them employed from twenty-four to thirty-nine hours a week and pays a weekly wage of from $21 to $30. They have produced in the "Guide" a further proof that, whatever else has been the record of the Roosevelt Administration, the four arts projects are something in which it can take unqualified pride.

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Will Moscow Save Madrid?

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Madrid, October 25, by Cable

ANXIETY over Madrid's fate mingles with the widespread conviction that the tide will soon be turning in the government's favor. Optimists believe that the rebels can be prevented from approaching the gates of the capital until the big offensive starts which will roll them back and force them to seek refuge in Portugal and Morocco. Pessimists contend that Madrid may fall, but that anti-fascists advancing from Valencia could soon retake Madrid and continue the struggle against General Franco. Since the protests of the Soviet Union to the Non-Intervention Committee, few non-fascists are ready to contemplate the failure of the government's cause.

If Madrid does not fall within ten days, the menace is probably ended. This week is the most critical period. Military experts maintain that the rebel column advancing along the Toledo road has the best chance to come within gunshot of Madrid streets. However, this column is said to number no more than 3,000, mostly Moors and foreign legionaries whose excellent equipment gives great driving power. They possess many machine-guns, mortars, field guns, and cavalry, and Italian caterpillar tanks capable of forty miles an hour. They are supported by airplanes, whereas the untrained government troops have only army rifles and cannon. The Loyalists have been without airplane support for the last fortnight, which is the chief reason for the enemy's advance. The fast tanks are also a formidable factor, although they achieve more by frightening than by destroying. Such a force might reach Madrid but could not take it. It would be annihilated in house-to-house fighting. Therefore unless Madrid succumbs to complete panic, there is no reason to suppose that the city is lost.

Since morale is the determining factor, it is important that the last five days have witnessed a recrudescence of the early élan which not only is unspoiled but has perhaps been enhanced by the appearance last Friday of four giant foreign airplanes which raked suburban streets with machine-guns, killing a child and four adults. Five days ago a thousand Andalusian volunteers carrying their own rifles arrived in Madrid in autobuses and asked to be sent to the front. On Friday eighteen hundred teachers mobilized by their trade unions paraded the streets. They still wore mufti, but their marching showed the effect of military training and their enthusiasm was keen. Other trade unions are also mobilizing their members for war, putting women in their places. An hour after Friday's third airplane visit long contingents of fresh soldiers defiled through the avenues. The Communist "fifth regiment," which is really an army twenty-five thousand strong, has been able to retain part of its politically skilled soldiery in Madrid for the emergency. Valencia has sent troops to Barcelona for munitions.

The republic's new foreign legion—composed mostly of French, but also of Italians, Germans, and Poles who are motivated by political hopes and not merely by the promise of adventure or loot—is mostly concentrated in the eastern provinces. This constitutes a valuable reserve. As I write, on Sunday evening, I hear drums beating and men marching to the front. Yet no danger, however frightful, can rob Madrid of its gay Sunday mood. Crowds are promenading in the clear warm sunshine; cafes are overflowing. Even the two rebel airplanes which flew over the center of town fifty minutes ago failed to dampen the spirits of the inhabitants. Judging by previous performances the rebels, if they became masters of Madrid, will slaughter tens of thousands of persons. But even the probable victims wore a carefree air. The Spaniard is a natural optimist; a blue spot in the sky dissipates all clouds for him. This time the spot looks large, for if the Loyalists' hopes are warranted, Spain is indeed guaranteed against militarist-fascist domination. Should the salvation of the republic be achieved quickly, the European repercussions might be small, but a protracted struggle would invite further Italian-German assistance to the rebels, in which case the possibilities are too terrible to contemplate.

The recent dictum of Foreign Minister Del Vayo, "The bloody battlefields of Spain are actually the battlefields of the next world war," was intended as a poetic prophecy, but the second phase may follow so soon that his words will become an immediate reality. On the other hand, Stalin's important political acts are always characterized by prudence and circumspection. Somebody had to call Hitler's and Mussolini's bluff if the world is to be relieved of the chicanery of their deeds and diplomacy. Victory for the Spanish rebels would not only so strengthen the fascist camps as to make inevitable a world war of territorial aggrandizement, plus the extinction of liberty everywhere; it would give carte blanche to the fascists to defy international law and the national interests of European countries. It would be Blum's political death warrant and would provide serious damage to the interests of the British Empire. That neither Blum nor the British bourgeoisie is capable of adopting a policy reflecting these certainties is a criterion of the impotence of the forces hitherto regarded as potentially anti-fascist. The Soviet Union, therefore, is compelled to seize the initiative and point the way. It is possible that Stalin is rescuing the British Empire; it is possible that he is saving Blum and the French Popular Front from themselves. Victory for the Spanish government would be the first fascist setback in Europe for years. It would check fascist arrogance and be a signal triumph for world peace.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Farley Captures Labor

Washington, October 25

THE dullest Presidential campaign of the post-war years will be near its end when these words are read, and the polls will be yawning to receive the millions of votes that will give Franklin D. Roosevelt an even more overwhelming mandate to power than he received in 1932, unless all the factors that have created political victories in the past prove meaningless this year. At the moment Landon looks like an odds-on bet in only two states, Maine and Vermont, and worth even-money backing in less than half a dozen others, including his own Kansas. Even Hearst has given up the battle. Early this past week Hearst sent a confidential "rush" wire to all his editors ordering them thenceforth to play down political news and be strictly impartial; the word "Landon" immediately became something of a rarity on front pages of Hearst papers, whose reporters until this week had been estopped from writing anything that suggested even indirectly the possibility of Roosevelt's reelection.

More important than the indications of a Roosevelt victory are the indications that the Democrats will retain all their Senate seats and possibly add one or two more, and that the Republicans at best cannot hope to capture more than fifty new House seats. The signs also point toward the Democrats retaining a majority of the governorships, and this, together with retention of their Congressional majorities, should leave them strongly intrenched against the Republican drive for power in the elections of 1938.

It has been a disappointing campaign in many respects but in none more so than in the failure to provide the third-party movement with the headway that had been expected. Labor's Non-Partisan League, which started out as the most promising step toward a farmer-labor party that this country has seen, winds up the campaign as a mere adjunct of the Democratic National Committee, and the Progressive National Committee emerges, in turn, as a mere adjunct of Labor's Non-Partisan League. Neither group has dared to seek commitments from Roosevelt in keeping with its aims, and neither has dared to insist upon a clarification of campaign issues. As Norman Thomas has said, both groups have put themselves in the position of praying: "Please don't tell us, Mr. Roosevelt, what you will do if reelected, for then we might not be able to vote for you so happily; leave us hope at least." The Progressive Committee's function has been little more than that of a lecture bureau, providing dignified and high-toned speakers for billings that the Democratic National Committee itself is unwilling or unable to fill. It has been just as much a false-front organization as the Liberty League or the Sentinels of the Republic.

Labor's Non-Partisan League, on the other hand, unquestionably has been a power in the campaign. Its efficient, high-speed operations have silenced and impressed the veteran political writers who at the outset jeered at the league and its theory that labor's vote could be organized and delivered. These writers come back to Washington from forays into the sticks jabbering, as if they had seen miracles, of evidence of the league machinery reaching down into wards and precincts in workman-like fashion and shouldering out the Democratic or Republican machines there. They also report that the league is fulfilling its promise to spend between $500,000 and $1,000,000 in its campaign. But it has been a campaign simply to reelect Roosevelt, and most of the league's founders who embarked upon that campaign as a first strategic step toward the formation of a third party have in the interim lost their heads and become hysterically orthodox supporters of the status quo. To hear them cursing Norman Thomas with the violence of a Streicher cursing the Jews is to lose all faith in their ability to return the league to the path on which it started. They are now justifying their position and expenditures in the campaign on the ground that Roosevelt has saved their unions a lot of money. They tell you how many millions it cost their treasuries in strike benefits under the Old Deal to get shorter hours, how it cost them nothing to get still shorter hours under the NRA, and how in this campaign they are simply repaying Roosevelt for favors done in the past and asking nothing for the future. Their position is on a par with that of bankers, brokers, and industrialists except that in the case of the business men campaign contributions are usually liens upon the future rather than payment for the past.

And what has the league gained? Can it actually be said to have demonstrated the political solidarity of labor? There remains a large doubt as to the league's ability to do for a genuine labor candidate what it has done for Roosevelt. It has run with the tide. It has championed a candidate who might have won without its help. Risking all for Roosevelt, it has not had the courage to test its strength by entering the Congressional jousts in truly non-partisan support of labor candidates, Republican, Democratic, Progressive, Independent, Socialist, Farmer-Labor, or Communist. The result is that, outside New York, it will be impossible to gauge the league's strength by the returns. Even in New York, where a league offshoot, the American Labor Party, will have a place on the ballot, it will be difficult to estimate the part that labor's vote has played in the campaign, for the American Labor Party has backed away from its early promise to enter its own Congressional and local candidates and offers to the electorate a ticket bearing the names of only Roosevelt and Lehman. It will be impossible to say that this or that Con-

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gressional candidate was elected because labor wanted him and was voting in its own interest rather than in that of the party of Joe Robinson, Pat Harrison, Bilbo, Carter Glass, Curley, Copeland, Frank Hague, Pat Nash, Farley, Cummings, and Roosevelt. And why didn't the American Labor Party fill out its ticket and buck the major-party candidates in the Congressional districts of New York? Because it owed allegiance not to labor but to Roosevelt, and Roosevelt, doubting labor's political strength, preferred the support of the old-line machines, which might have been antagonized if his supporters in the American Labor Party had invaded their domains.

For the men and women who this year have deserted more progressive and radical causes to back Roosevelt as a necessary preventive of fascist reaction in this country, it must be a little disconcerting to discover Roosevelt's gang supporting the fascists in Spain. That is precisely what they are doing in distributing, under the imprimatur of the Democratic National Committee, thousands of copies of a recent radio address by the Reverend John A. Ryan. Father Ryan's speech was mainly a denunciation of Coughlin and a defense of the New Dealers against the charge that they are Communists, but in it he advocated the overthrow of the constitutional government of Spain. I seem to recall that about a year ago Mr. Roosevelt sent a thunderous note to Moscow merely because a citizen of the United States—not of the U. S. S. R.—had seemed to advocate the overthrow of our government in a speech before the Comintern. In the present instance he has not, so far as can be learned, even sent a note of protest to Jim Farley. The American Friends of Spanish Democracy, under the chairmanship of Bishop Robert L. Paddock of New York, have just served upon both Roosevelt and Farley a demand that they disavow and repudiate Father Ryan's attack on the Spanish government and his expression of "unhesitating" preference for Italian fascism as against Russian communism. Various labor leaders supporting Roosevelt, including John L. Lewis, and a number of high Administration officials sought to have these passages cut from Father Ryan's address before it was delivered. They succeeded only in getting Father Ryan to change his preference from fascism in general to Italian fascism, barring Hitlerite fascism because of its anti-Semitism. Their second attempt, made after the speech had been delivered, succeeded only in getting Father Ryan to amplify his remarks for the reprints with an expression of opposition to totalitarian states in general. Incidentally, the speech itself, with its "Thank God, they [the Spanish fascists] now seem likely to be successful," was delivered under the auspices of the Good Neighbor League, set up with the financial aid of the Democratic National Committee to enlist for President Roosevelt the support of clergymen, educators, social workers, and pacifists.

Pennsylvania Hits the Roosevelt Trail

BY JESSE LAVENTHOL

Harrisburg, October 26

NOT since 1856, when Pennsylvania cast its electoral votes for James Buchanan, a native son, has the majority of its citizens supported a Democratic Presidential nominee. In that span of eighty years, marked simultaneously by the expansion of industry and the rise to political power of an industrial and financial oligarchy, the Pennsylvania record of straight Republicanism in national elections has been broken only once. Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 led Woodrow Wilson and William Howard Taft, although he polled a minority of the total votes cast.

Today the keystone of the G. O. P. arch, its mortar eroded by the election of a Democratic Governor and United States Senator two years ago, is on the verge of being torn loose. The temptations—and the risks—of political prophecy are normally great, particularly with regard to Pennsylvania, where skulduggery at the ballot-box has been for years a notorious and highly developed art. However, careful analysis of the registration and voting trends of recent years, the writer's personal knowledge of local situations and his contacts with voters who are not politicians, assays of public estimates and private admissions of leaders on both sides, all weighed together with the results of so-called straw polls, justify the conclusion that President Roosevelt will carry Pennsylvania.

Not the least of the psychological elements contributing to the miraculous metamorphosis of Penn's Commonwealth is the conviction of the voter today that, at long last, he is somebody. Never has he been so wooed, cajoled, flattered. It is all delightfully intoxicating to one who in the not far distant past was accustomed to being almost completely ignored. In the days of unquestioned Republican dominance the Pennsylvania voter was solicited only at primary time. During Presidential campaigns he was virtually disregarded; Republicans took him for granted, and Democrats thought to notice him would be a waste of time. Today Pennsylvania voters have been visited by Messrs. Landon, Hoover, Coughlin, Smith—and Knox, several times—on behalf of the G. O. P. The Kansan, who formally opened his campaign in the West Middlesex village where he was born, will stop off at Philadelphia on his final tour. Mr. Roosevelt accepted the nomination at Philadelphia, made triumphal tours through the anthracite counties in the northeast and the neighborhood of Johnstown in the west as part of his "non-political" flood-control survey, and delivered an important campaign address at Pittsburgh. He too will probably return to Pennsylvania

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before election. In the interim Governor George H. Earle, first Democratic Executive in more than forty years, is burning up the hustings at the head of an army of state leaders, federal Cabinet members, diplomatic officials, and outside Senators and Congressmen, pleading the New Deal cause.

The largest number of citizens in the state's history, approximately 4,900,000, have registered to vote. Complete official figures probably will not be available before Election Day, but returns from forty-seven of the sixty-seven counties indicate that the division of the total will approximate: Republicans, 2,750,000; Democrats, 1,900,000; with the remainder distributed among non-partisans and a half-dozen minor parties. For the Democrats this is an all-time peak, an increase of more than 1,000,000 since 1928 and 1932, of a half-million since 1934, when Governor Earle and Senator Guffey were elected, and of 200,000 over last year's local-election registration. For the Republicans their estimated total represents a loss of 100,000 since 1928, of 150,000 since 1932. It is an increase of about 125,000 since the fateful state election of two years ago and of slightly less than 120,000 over last year's figures. Obviously, the novelty of a strong minority challenging the supremacy of a party long in power has dispelled the lassitude of many citizens. This reawakening of the electorate proves that in the past their lack of interest was the meat upon which the Quay, Penrose, and Vare machines fed.

In this unprecedented roll of eligible voters the Republican registration lead has been cut from 2,000,000 in 1928 and 1932 and 1,200,000 in 1934 to about 650,000. In 1932, in spite of the imposing Republican predominance, Herbert Hoover's plurality over Roosevelt was only 157,592; in 1934 Earle beat former Attorney General William A. Schnader, the G. O. P. nominee, by 66,000. The Republicans contend that four years ago their showing was good in view of the tremendous anti-Hoover vote in the country generally; and that Earle two years later rode with Guffey the crest of a New Deal wave said to be now receding. On the other hand, Democratic partisans point to a constantly rising total of open adherents and maintain that if their cause were on the down-grade those persons who have heretofore been voting Democratic while registering Republican would hesitate to switch party labels.

As the total enrolment has increased, the Democratic vote has increased and the Republican vote has diminished. This is doubtless partly due to the fact, established by straw polls, that the bulk of young men and women just attaining their majority are supporting the New Deal. Census authorities estimate that about 750,000 have reached voting age in Pennsylvania since 1932. Of course, not all of these have registered, and if they had they would not account for the entire increase. There is the item of state patronage, of which there is a vast amount with more than 18,000 state employees, and there is federal patronage, which Senator Guffey as a practical politician does not overlook.

The abnormal disparity between party registration and the percentage of registration actually polled is being reduced as the voters tend to enrol under the banner of their true allegiance. Democratic candidates, garnering support in the opposition ranks, received votes 23 per cent, 50 per cent, and 5 per cent in excess of their party registration in 1928, 1932, and 1934 respectively. A vital question this year is whether or not this reserve has been liquidated. Republicans assert that registration today represents the true relative strength of the parties. In addition they charge that many WPA workers have been coerced into switching to the Democrats, and they hope that this alleged pressure has created a resentment among relief-project workers that will cause them to vote Republican. Democrats with equal assurance point to evidences of influence exercised by private employers to keep many workers unwillingly enlisted under the G. O. P. standard and count on an indefinite but apparently substantial number of these workers voting for Roosevelt.

Hot inter-party local fights in 1931 carried Republican enrolment to a record height of 2,963,738. The decline thereafter was steady to the lowest point of 2,624,386 in 1934, when the party lost control of the state government. Last year's slight upturn was the first in four years. Now another gradual advance has occurred. That a party out of power, with nothing in the way of patronage to offer its followers, should gain adherents is a matter that bears watching. The resurgence, if such the increase denotes, is not strong enough, however, to betoken more than a stimulated organizational activity that cannot bear fruit before the 1938 elections.

The indications are that Roosevelt will have a minimum net lead of 150,000 votes in the twenty-three counties west of the Alleghenies, most of it supplied in Pittsburgh and the five surrounding counties by the miners and the mill workers of that thickly populated bituminous and steel region. That lead will be increased in the anthracite fields and still further in a half-dozen traditionally Democratic eastern counties, which will emphasize their party loyalty more strongly than ever this year. The Republicans must offset this advantage, if they are to win, in the central rural counties, outside the Philadelphia line. The prospects are anything but bright that the G. O. P. can do it this year with the Democrats making inroads in those very counties in which their foes must make their best showing.

The President will lead the Democratic ticket, of course; the fate of many candidates will hinge on whether he wins a sweeping victory or runs a close race with Landon. The state legislature has been racked during the last two years by struggles between a Democratic House and a Republican Senate. Liberal social and labor measures passed by the lower branch under administration sponsorship have been killed as fast as they reached the Senate. Control of the latter body is almost certain to pass to the Democrats for the first time in a half-century since the hold-over half comprises sixteen Democrats and nine Republicans; the G. O. P., therefore, is concentrating on the lower house.

Congressional contests in the districts now represented by Dennis J. Driscoll and Patrick J. Boland are attracting national interest. Driscoll is the object of an open campaign of vengeance by the utilities, which are seeking his

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scalp because of his exposé of their use of fake telegrams in the battle against the Holding Company Act. Senator Hugo Black, chairman of the committee which investigated the Hopson lobby, and Representative Sam Rayburn of Texas, co-sponsor of the Wheeler-Rayburn bill, are aiding Driscoll's campaign. Boland is a special target of Father Coughlin, whom he denounced on the floor of Congress during the feud between the priest and Representative O'Connor. Coughlin's invasion of Boland's district in the hard-coal region was followed by President Roosevelt's visit, during which he gave the Congressman the benefit of a public ride in the Presidential automobile.

Pennsylvania's Senate has long been notorious as a slaughter-house for progressive legislation. The election of the incumbent Governor was in part a protest against this record. But even in the last two sessions, minimum-wage, maximum-hour, railroad full-crew, and miners'-certificate bills have been ruthlessly killed. Measures to revamp an outmoded workmen's-compensation law so as to extend its benefits to victims of occupational diseases, to ban the hiring of deputy sheriffs by private companies, and to revise the state's archaic constitution have all met their end in this chamber. To top off the record the Senate majority killed the administration's bill qualifying the state to participate in the unemployment-insurance phase of the federal Social Security Act and setting up a co-ordinate state system out of taxes to be credited against the 1 per cent federal levy. As a result, no benefits will accrue to Pennsylvania workers from the proceeds of the $23,000,000 in taxes which must be paid anyway.

The Pennsylvania branch of Labor's Non-Partisan League, headed by Patrick T. Fagan, western district president of the United Mine Workers, is organized down to the last voting precinct in every one of the urban, industrialized counties. Its energetic campaign was one of the main factors in the increased Democratic enrolment. John A. Phillips, president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, is resident vice-chairman at the Capitol. The largest unions participating in the drive for Roosevelt are the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and the American Federation of Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers. The Railroad brotherhoods have indorsed Roosevelt and are active in his behalf.

But after all, the weightiest Roosevelt argument is recovery, and it is the one which his opponents find it most difficult to gainsay. Federal and state reports show 3,064,000 wage-earners at work in Pennsylvania industries in September as against 2,342,000 in March, 1933, a reemployment record of 722,000 in the three-and-a-half-year interval. Relief rolls are shorter today than at any other time since the Pennsylvania Emergency Relief Board was established in September, 1932. This is due to rising private employment and a shift of employables to the WPA, which has more than 240,000 on its rolls and has expended $195,000,000. Federal agencies, including the WPA, have expended approximately $700,000,000 in Pennsylvania since 1932. These comprise all the emergency units such as the FERA, whose bounties to the state ceased last December, the CCC, with more than a score of camps in the state forests, the HOLC, the AAA, the NYA, the FHA, the RFC, and so on. Their expenditures have contributed indirectly to a huge rise in purchasing power, which is reflected in increased industrial activity and profits.

British Labor and World Crisis

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, October 13

I

TO SEE the Labor Party's conference at Edinburgh in proper perspective it is essential to remember the circumstances in which it was held. It was the first conference since the last general election in which the progress of the party toward power was definitely disappointing. It was the first conference, also, since the party had learned, from the Hoare-Laval conversations, what comes of an even conditional support for the National Government. It met after Nürnberg had shown decisively the will to war that is the foundation of Hitler's policy. It met while the fascist rebels in Spain, openly helped by Hitler and Mussolini, were multiplying successes against the Spanish workers, whom a policy of non-intervention, mainly due to Great Britain, had deprived of the arms to which they had a legal right. It met with the knowledge that the relentless pressure of Japanese imperialism on China had entered upon a new phase of insolent attack. It met, also, when the future of the League of Nations was obviously dark even to the most ardent of its supporters.

Domestically, the situation was grave. Nothing had been done for the distressed areas. The tragedies of the means test were to be continued by the new Regulations. The greatest living authority on unemployment statistics —Sir William Beveridge—had just warned the country that a new depression was approaching. An Education Act had just been placed on the statute-book which every authority in the country had combined to denounce as evasive trickery. The armaments program had meant a boom on the Stock Exchange; but all over Great Britain, while wealth accumulated, men were decaying.

Such an atmosphere called for certain obvious things. (1) A clear lead was required. It was vital not merely for this country but for the whole world to know where the Labor Party stood on the vital issues of the day. (2) The maximum unity in the working-class movement was required. At this time of all times a movement so united that

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it could take the offensive was essential. (3) Realism was required. The mind of the conference should have been directed not to the possible result of a general election three or four years hence but to the immediate shadow of war and fascism which now bestrides the world.

II

No one can say that these requirements were met at Edinburgh. The rearmament resolution was a muddled compromise. It meant one thing to Mr. Dalton, who moved it in a speech which seemed to imply full support for the government's program combined with contempt for its members. Mr. Morrison interpreted the resolution quite differently. Mr. Bevin protested against Mr. Morrison's interpretation. Both Mr. Lansbury and Lord Arnold pleaded for absolute pacifism; the latter seemed to speak as if Lord Beaverbrook were the one sane guide on international policy in a mad world. Lord Strabolgi explained that the National Government must be allowed to rearm now since a subsequent Labor government might need arms if and when it was in office; what this government would do with the arms before that time he did not think fit to inquire. No one, at the end, knew what the resolution meant. In a speech intended to bring clarity from confusion Mr. Atlee seemed to conclude that its meaning would later be decided by the parliamentary party when the House of Commons met.

The position on Spain was less muddled in result, though it showed weakness and hesitation. On Monday, despite bitter protests from the delegates, the block votes of the trade unions secured a big majority for non-intervention. On Wednesday the delegates heard from two Spanish comrades what non-intervention in fact meant. Mr. Atlee and Mr. Greenwood were then dispatched to London to consult with Mr. Chamberlain. As a result, the conference agreed on Friday that if the non-intervention agreement was found to be either ineffective or violated, the Spanish government should be given back its right to purchase arms. It should be said that all the evidence which produced the new decision on Friday was available to the conference when it took its first decision.

Three-quarters of the conference voted against the admission of the Communist Party to the ranks of Labor. The debate was farcical, and not even honestly so. It was deliberately closured by the executive, after some half-dozen speeches, on the pretext that the Spanish delegates must be heard. The arguments used for exclusion were pitiful. They were (1) that Communists are hypocritical in applying for application; (2) that they are too unimportant to risk alienating other parts of the electorate; (3) that, if admitted, they will swamp the party conferences; (4) that they believe in dictatorship and not in democracy as the Labor Party does; (5) that they are dominated by Moscow. A word on these arguments is desirable. On the first, Mr. Lawther reported the experience of the Miners' Federation in an exactly opposite sense; and many other organizations would speak—as they have resolved—in the same way. In any case, proof of the Communists' sincerity depends upon an attempt to work with them. The second and third arguments cancel each other; if the Communist Party is so unimportant, how could it dominate the party? The fourth argument is a mere blind. The issue is deliberately framed so as to mislead. No Communist, to my knowledge, believes in dictatorship for its own sake. He argues that the capitalist class will overthrow democracy rather than accept socialism, and that a proletarian dictatorship will prove the necessary vehicle of capitalist defeat. The fifth objection seems to me more solidly grounded. I think the Communist Party's affiliation with the Third International is a definite stumbling-block unless the party agrees that, after admission to the Labor Party, it will accept the latter's decisions in preference to any made at Moscow. But I should myself hope that such an agreement would end the present divisions of the international working class and lead to the creation of that world united front that is now an urgent matter.

Closely related to the refusal to admit the Communists was the decision to reorganize the League of Youth. This was done to remove from the latter body certain members who, seemingly, were dissatisfied with executive policy and dared to criticize it emphatically. This was represented as disloyalty, and the officials will, accordingly, be able to produce a tame league responsive only to what the executive sees fit to indorse. This decision seems to me a disastrous one.

There is one other debate to which reference must be made—that on the distressed areas. Three resolutions directed attention to their special problems, and grim pictures were drawn of their citizens. The growth of malnutrition, the increase in maternal morbidity and tuberculosis were emphasized. But there was no response to the one concrete suggestion made—that the party should put all its weight behind the marchers from Jarrow. What moves the government is not investigation—we have had that almost to the point of nauseation—but such a depth of public feeling that they become convinced that defeat is the consequence of inaction. I cannot discover in the conference resolutions one principle, one method, which will cause this government a moment's discomfort. Only profound national agitation can be effective in Whitehall; as I read the debate in Edinburgh, I could not but feel that this was an art the Labor Party had lost.

III

The leadership at Edinburgh was fumbling and incompetent. There was no sense of direction. There was no clarity of purpose. There was no message to the country which would convey a sense that a change in the constitution of the government would alter the perspective of affairs. Over it all there reigned a timidity grimly like that which proved the downfall of the two Labor governments. There was, above all, a lack of realism before the great events that confront us. For surely the experience of the post-war years has made certain propositions unmistakably clear. They are:

1. Capitalism and democracy are no longer compatible with each other. They are engaged in a death struggle. And the main factor in the defeat of democracy is a divided working class. Where this exists, capitalism is always in a position to take the offensive. Where it does so,

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it is able to establish a dictatorship which can only be overthrown by revolutionary means.

What is the answer of the leaders of the Labor Party to this view? That we are not like the Germans? That was what the Germans said of Italian fascism. That a Labor victory at the polls would be a safeguard against capitalist attack? But, with the present temper of our leadership, what is the prospect of victory at the next election? And even if we won, are not the constitutional problems involved so delicate and dangerous as to risk all the fruits of victory? More, after Spain is it not clear that no reliance can be placed upon a governing class to accept the consequences of its defeat? Is there, in fact, any way to victory except a policy which, built upon a united Labor movement, meets the capitalist challenge with a full recognition of all it may involve?

The alternative is the acceptance of the theory of the "community consciousness" upon which MacDonald acted when he was Labor Prime Minister. It is a theory which involves cooperation with, instead of a break from, capitalism. It means an emphasis upon social reform—where this is financially feasible—to the exclusion of any Socialist measures which capitalism is unprepared to accept. And from it there emerges the certainty of another 1931.

2. The contradictions of capitalism mean imperialist war. This is plainly implicit in the policy of the fascist powers. It is futile to think that we can keep out of such a war. The only way to prevent it is by an alliance with those powers which have no interest in aggression and a warning to the fascist powers that any attempt on their part to change frontiers by force will be met with force on our part in concert with our allies. A British pact with France and Soviet Russia, which would be open to other powers similarly prepared to resist aggression, justifies rearmament against the menace of fascism. No other policy can justify it; for it is clear from the Sino-Japanese struggle and the Italo-Ethiopian conflict that the National Government is not prepared to take any action which may endanger the stability of the fascist powers.

3. To maintain the doctrine of non-intervention in Spain is indefensible. It is being violated every day by Germany, Italy, and Portugal. Its result is simply to reinforce the authority of fascism by persuading fascist nations that they can intrigue for the overthrow of any constitutional government so long as they threaten war. The Labor Party ought to be clear that our own fate, as well as that of France, is being decided on the battlefield of Spain. The victory of General Franco will bring a world war a long step nearer. His defeat will renew the prestige of constitutional government all over the world. The only way to bring about his defeat is to allow the Spanish government its right in international law to purchase arms. The denial of that right means surrender to the most dangerous maneuver the fascist powers have yet invented. For it is to allow them to finance and organize civil war in order to extend their empire over Western civilization.

This, let me add, is the only policy of collective security which has now any meaning. It is in full accord with the principles of the League. It recognizes—what is the fact—that the principles of the League have now no meaning for the fascist powers. It emphasizes that aggression on their part will not take place against an isolated opponent but against the most highly equipped alliance that can be arrayed against them. Once they understand this, they will hesitate; and once they hesitate, the initiative in international policy will pass to the powers which have no interest in aggression. That will be the beginning of the end of fascism. It is therefore the duty of the Labor Party deliberately to inform the country that since fascism and peace are no longer compatible ideas, these are the principles upon which it is prepared to defend peace. And it is its duty to make it plain to the National Government that on any other principles its rearmament program will meet with unrelenting opposition from the forces of Labor.

IV

For anyone who realizes how vital is the time factor in the present juncture of affairs, Edinburgh is inevitably a disheartening experience. But the lesson from it is the need to redouble our efforts for unity and not to slacken them. There is plenty of evidence to show that the decisions made there are far from representing either the ideas or the mood of the rank and file. We must use the next twelve months to reshape the Labor Party into a fighting instrument of the working-class movement. But to do this, we must induce the party to adopt consciously a social philosophy which recognizes the nature of the battle in which we are engaged. Until the movement has such a philosophy it can adopt neither the strategy nor the tactics required by the situation. Its present drift arises precisely because such a social philosophy is absent. The leaders of the Labor Party think of themselves as an opposition which can inherit the mantle of office from the government in precisely the same way as the Conservatives used to inherit it from the Liberals. They forget that the classic form of representative government only worked in this country because Conservatives and Liberals alike accepted the private ownership of the means of production as the postulate upon which all their fundamental policies were built. The Labor Party rejects that postulate. Its accession to power would therefore raise problems for those who believe in capitalism different in kind from those to which we have been accustomed in the years since 1689. Either the Labor Party must adapt its technique to the faith it is supposed to hold or it must reveal itself for what it otherwise is—a revised form of the Liberal Party which wants larger social reforms in the periods of upward trend in the trade cycle. If it decides to be the latter, it is then clear that Socialists have no place in its membership. For socialism is a method of action as well as an ultimate goal; and its method of action is built upon the recognition that the historic mission of the working class is to capture the state and so end the private ownership of the means of production. The whole technique of socialism as a living philosophy flows from that pivotal insight. The lesson of Edinburgh is, I suggest, that we must either convert the Labor Party to its acceptance or, through new instruments, find the way to that goal which is now alone capable of giving mankind the peace and plenty which science has made the rightful heritage of our generation.

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Europe's Fate and the French Front

By ROBERT DELL

Geneva, October 17

AS I LEFT last May the memorable congress of the French Socialist Party at which Léon Blum's consent to form the government of the People's Front was approved, I confess that I was deeply moved. For thirty years—ever since I settled in Paris—I had followed the fortunes of the party and watched it gradually increasing in numbers and influence, and for several years I had been a member of it, and now at last it was taking office for the first time, not indeed in a Socialist government but as part of a coalition of all the forces of the left. The enthusiasm of that congress was infectious. In a remarkable speech free from rhetoric or demagogy Blum had clearly exposed the situation. He had warned his fellow-Socialists not to expect too much from a government which would not be a Socialist government and would take office to carry out a program common to all the parties forming the People's Front, which was not and could not be a Socialist program. It was, he said, an experiment —a first and a last experiment. They were going to see whether it was possible to do anything in a capitalist society, since they were not yet in a position to destroy capitalism. If the experiment failed, he would come back and tell them so and it would be for them to draw the conclusions.

At the end of the speech, sober and intellectual as it was, the delegates rose to their feet and, with clenched fists raised, sang the International with an enthusiasm that brought tears to the eyes of some of us. As I walked away from the hall in which the congress was held with my old Communist friend, Charles Rappoport, we asked each other whether the experiment was likely to succeed. In every European country where the Socialist Party had been in office it had failed. Would the French Socialist Party stand the test? We both felt that there was reason to hope that it would. Now, less than five months later, the failure of the government of the People's Front is patent, and the People's Front itself is in danger of disruption. Perhaps it would have been different if the government had been a coalition of Socialists and Communists only. It is impossible to say, but it is certain that one of the causes of the failure is that from the first Léon Blum has had the Radical millstone round his neck. But for that, one can hardly believe that he would have damped down the extraordinary wave of revolutionary feeling that swept over France. That movement was not revolutionary in its aims, but its spirit and methods were revolutionary. It was, so to speak, a dress rehearsal, and it was above all a symptom of the change in the temper of the French people. Last winter France appeared to be under the domination of fear. In June the fear of Hitler had gone and the French people had recovered their self-respect and their courage. The revolutionary spirit in France has never been pacifist.

It is in the domain of foreign policy that the failure of the government of the People's Front has been most conspicuous and disastrous. So far as foreign policy is concerned, it is the weakest and most incapable government that France has had since the war. Its foreign policy has followed the general lines of that of Laval, with all the worst elements in Laval's policy accentuated. And whereas Laval at least knew what he was doing, it is only too evident that the present French government do not know what they are doing or where they are being led. The British Foreign Office has them completely in tow, and the real Foreign Minister of France is Sir Robert Vansittart, who has discovered that when persuasion fails he can always get his way by bullying. The weakness of the French government has been particularly evident during the recent Assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva. So much so that even members of the British delegation would have preferred at least a little more show of independence on the part of their victims. It is not pleasant for the British government to be saddled with all the responsibility for what is supposed to be a joint policy, nor is it to the interest of Great Britain that France should cease to count as a factor in European politics, as is actually the case. I deeply regret to have to say this, for I have known both Blum and Delbos for years, and for Blum, in particular, my feeling is one of affection.

No doubt the present French government came into a difficult heritage. The British policy of buying off gangster governments by concessions culminated in the capitulation to Hitler when he violated the Treaty of Locarno on March 7 and the capitulation to Mussolini in the Abyssinian affair. The blunder made by the Sarraut Cabinet in not mobilizing on March 7—it is now known that a French mobilization would have led to the immediate withdrawal of the German troops from the demilitarized zone—has had irrevocable consequences, but these also might have been averted. It may safely be said that had the present French government adopted from the first a firm policy towards Germany, France would not have lost Belgium and would not now be in danger of losing all her other Continental friends and allies. At the time of the Hoare-Laval plan (which was really the Vansittart plan) a representative of an Eastern European state allied to France—not Soviet Russia—said: "This plan suggests that England and France are afraid of Hitler and Mussolini. If that be so, we shall have to reconsider our position, for Germany and Italy will become the dominant powers on the Continent." The government that he represented is now reconsidering its position, and it is not the only one that is doing so.

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After the visit of Léon Blum and Yvon Delbos to London in July, visitors to the Foreign Office were told, "We have never had to do with French ministers so easy to deal with." In London Blum and Delbos made the grievous mistake of agreeing to overlook Hitler's insulting refusal to reply to the British questions and of accepting the "Locarno" conference, although Hitler had made it plain that he would accept no settlement with France unless the Franco-Soviet pact were denounced. In my opinion, the "Locarno" conference is a trap laid for France by the British Foreign Office. When the conference meets, if it ever does meet, England, Germany, and Italy will join in bringing pressure on France to abandon the Franco-Soviet pact and give Hitler a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe—which is Sir Robert Vansittart's policy—and if the French refuse, they will be denounced as the obstacle to a Western agreement and a danger to peace. As Delbos, under the influence of the British Foreign Office and certain permanent officials of the Quai d'Orsay, in particular M. Massigli, has been won over to the Vansittart policy and has become definitely anti-Soviet, Blum will stand alone.

It was during the visit to London that the British government proposed the policy of "non-intervention" in Spain—that is, the policy of intervention against the Spanish government. Delbos was won over to it at once, but Blum was strongly opposed to it. Soon afterward the British Ambassador in Paris informed Blum that if Germany attacked France because the Spanish government obtained war material from France, the British government would not consider it an "unprovoked attack" within the meaning of the Treaty of Locarno and therefore would not go to the aid of France. Even this did not shake Blum, who must have recognized that the British government was bluffing. Apart from the extreme improbability of a German attack on France on such a pretext, the British government would always go to the aid of France in the event of a German invasion because it will never tolerate Germany at Calais. Between August 2 and August 8, however, the leading Radical members of the French Cabinet, including Delbos, Daladier, and Chautemps, threatened to resign unless France at once put an embargo on the export of arms and war material to Spain without even waiting for other countries to take the same course. Blum then yielded. Evidently he was in an extremely difficult position, for the resignation of the Radical ministers would probably have brought down the government. He appears to have thought that this would be a greater evil than the Spanish embargo. I cannot think that he was right. Apart from any considerations of loyalty and international solidarity, it cannot be doubted that we are faced with a new form of aggression. Instead of attacking Republican Spain from without, Hitler and Mussolini have adopted the method of attacking it from within by supporting insurrection and civil war. If they succeed in Spain, they will apply the same method in other countries, one after the other. Before long the British government may be joining with Germany and Italy in a "non-intervention" agreement concerning France, or Belgium, or some other country. Blum might perhaps have accepted the Radical resignations, filled the places of the resigning ministers, and if he failed to get a majority in the Chamber, asked the consent of the Senate to a dissolution. Failing that consent, it might have been necessary to resort to unconstitutional methods, but it is at least possible that he could have detached enough Radicals from their party to keep a majority in the Chamber, especially if he had revealed the facts about the British pressure. It is time that such things were made public.

Flushed with their success in the matter of the Rhineland, the British forced the French to agree to the unconditional suppression of sanctions against Italy. Both the French and the Soviet governments had insisted that sanctions should be suppressed only on certain conditions, but the French had not the courage to stand out against British pressure and the Soviet government could not risk a breach with France. For that reason it agreed later, most unwillingly, to "non-intervention" in Spain. Next the British government imposed on the French the maneuver to exclude the Abyssinian delegation from the League Assembly on a legal technicality. The successful resistance, led by Litvinov, to the Anglo-French maneuver was the one redeeming feature of the most barren and discreditable Assembly in the history of the League. In this matter Eden played the clever game of keeping in the background and making the innocent Delbos do the dirty work. In a speech a few days ago Eden said that in the matter of Spain the British government had followed the "French initiative."

The French government had announced their intention of asking that the Commission for European Union should be convened in September during the session of the Assembly. The commission, which consists of all the European members of the League, would no doubt have discussed the question of a European pact of mutual assistance. For this reason the British government strongly objected to a meeting of the commission and once more the French gave way. The reason given by the British for preventing the Assembly from dealing with any question of importance was that any action by the Assembly might annoy Hitler and compromise the success of the "Locarno" conference. The French government do not appear to have recognized that this means that the British desire an arrangment of some sort with Hitler at all costs and are prepared, if necessary, to throw over the Covenant and the principles of the League to get it.

The situation is black indeed, and it may be too late to save it. I am inclined to think, however, that it could be saved if France had a government with a policy of its own, which refused to make any further concessions to Hitler or Mussolini and set about forming a combination of mutual defense against German aggression with or without England. There is little or no prospect of such a government. In my opinion, the greater part of the European continent will in about three years be either Communist or else under German domination, and the chances at present are two to one in favor of fascism and Hitler, thanks to the egoism and duplicity of the British government and the gullibility and helplessness of the government of the People's Front in France.

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The General Staff Takes Charge

BY EDWARD ROBBIN

Redondo, Cal., October 15

MR. ARAM is a meticulously dressed, bald-headed, middle-aged man with a pince-nez. He is a prominent San José attorney whose clients have usually been prosperous farmers. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and he wears on his watch chain what appears to be the emblem of some high Masonic order. In short, Mr. Aram is a respected citizen in his community.

A month ago Mr. Aram received a telephone call from the California Federation of Labor. Would he represent certain strikers who had been arrested in Salinas on vagrancy charges? After some hesitation Mr. Aram said he would. He had never handled a labor case before.

When he arrived in Salinas he told the strike committee he was going to the City Hall to meet the chief of police and the sheriff. "The City Hall?" There were smiles. "If you want to see the chief of police and the sheriff you'll find them on the sixth floor of the Jeffery Hotel."

On the sixth floor of the Jeffery Hotel Mr. Aram found what I found there three weeks later. The chief of police was in one office, the inspector of the State Highway Patrol in the next. The third office was the office of the Growers' and Shippers' Association, and next to that was the office of the "Coordinating Committee," headquarters of Colonel H. R. Sanborn, editor of a little red-baiting paper called the *American Citizen* and recently in strike-breaking service in Seattle. (He had registered at the hotel five days before the strike under the name of Winters.)

Mr. Aram was present at the famous interview in which Colonel Sanborn announced to the press that he was in Salinas as "Coordinator of Law Enforcement Agencies," and explained that the agencies "coordinated" were the Police Department, the Sheriff's Office, and the State Highway Patrol of the three counties of San Benito, Santa Cruz, and Monterey. This Napoleonic gesture, however, was too much even for Salinas. The next day the San Francisco *Chronicle,* a conservative paper, printed an article headed "Sanborn's Statement to the Press—But Who Is Sanborn?" The Colonel quietly left Salinas three days later, to be supplanted by Chet Moore, whom the *Chronicle* later described as dictator of Salinas, but who knows how to keep his mouth shut. Chet Moore won his laurels in the San Joaquin strike.

What may be found today on the sixth floor of the Jeffery Hotel in Salinas, California, is perhaps the first open alliance in America of industry and government to crush civil rights. This is the definition of fascism. For twenty-nine days it has existed in an American city and evoked no real protests from the liberals of America. For twenty-nine days a "general staff" has openly ruled and terrorized the city.

On September 16 the Mayor of Salinas proclaimed the compulsory conscription for riot service of every able-bodied male in the county, including strikers. His proclamation read:

> I command all able-bodied male citizens of Monterey County between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to report to my office to assist me in overcoming the resistance and to put down riot, and to assist me seizing, arresting, and confining the persons resisting, their aiders, and abettors.

What was the "resistance" for which Salinas mobilized every able-bodied male? All assembly of three or more persons on the streets of the city had already been forbidden. A United Press dispatch published on the following day stated:

> Not a picket was in sight. They were not to be found at their union headquarters, at the Central Labor Temple, or on downtown streets and about packing plants. Police believed they were in their homes nursing their wounds after being driven through the city with tear and sulphur gas, beaten with clubs, and finally driven from their union hall by a terrific blast of tear and nauseating gas.

I met in Salinas an attorney by the name of George Pollock. He knows personally the shippers and growers of Salinas, belongs to their clubs, takes part in civic affairs. He served overseas in the war and is an officer of the American Legion. When he refused to serve in the strike-breakers' compulsory draft, his friends called him a "slacker," his bank credit tightened.

One lettuce shipper, the Tracy-Waldron Company, agreed to sign with the union. Almost immediately it found it could not buy ice even as far south as Los Angeles. Tracy-Waldron has since rejoined the united front with the other shippers.

There is no strike in Salinas. It is a lockout. The union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, has made no demand for increased wages or different working conditions. A day before the termination of their contract the employers posted a notice refusing collective bargaining. The notice announced that anyone who returned to work on the next day accepted the open-shop contract.

The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles has openly raised a large sum of money and a corps of strike-breakers for use in labor disputes. Some of the smaller manufacturers have had to post a $5,000 bond with the association, contracting not to bargain independently with unions. The nucleus of the vigilantes in Salinas is the Citizens' Association, organized six months before the strike in military fashion in corps and squads headed by officers. A similar Citizens' Association has been organized in every county in California.

A few days ago Mr. Aram sent the following telegram to William Green:

> Sinclair Lewis should be informed it did happen here. It was directed from outside of Monterey County. It embraces all city departments. City police and state highway patrol are directed by a civilian committee acting as the provisional head of a dictatorship.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"BUT, my dear," said the Republican woman leader, who was entertaining unawares a Democratic wolf at her heavily laden lunch table, when that wolf had remarked she had yet to hear a Republican say a good word for Governor Landon and his campaigning, "you must not let that trouble you at all. The thing to do is not to think about Governor Landon, but to think how much you hate Franklin Roosevelt." This actual happening is characteristic of the Republican campaign. It has had nothing constructive to offer, and it has received no aid from the weakest candidate the Republicans ever put up for the highest office. We have had no sane and rational discussion of the principles of government or of the social and economic problems which confront not only the American Republic but the whole world. There has been no debate on the critical state of foreign affairs, no genuine discussion of whether the Constitution should or should not be modernized, no locking of horns on the exact relationship of the federal government to the juggernauts of business, or on what should be the status of labor in a modern state, or on what is the proper solution of our tariff follies. In other words, we have had no education in fundamental principles and far-reaching policies, but only hate, hysteria, bitterness, denunciations, counter-denunciations, and the false assertions by Republicans that our lives and liberties are in jeopardy. Mr. Roosevelt himself has given us scarcely a constructive thought, certainly not an intimation of what his program will be if he is reelected.

What the Roosevelt haters do not realize is that if their candidate should be chosen they might easily find themselves within a short time hating Landon almost as ardently as they hate Roosevelt. They would be the first to find him little, inadequate, and unsatisfactory—unless he wholly played their game, licked their boots, and filled their purses to overflowing. They do not realize the chance they are taking of giving us a man in the White House who would be utterly unequal to a serious international situation, such as the outbreak of war in the Orient. They would be bound to be angry with him because as President he could not undo 75 per cent of the Roosevelt New Deal —the New Deal he praised so unqualifiedly in 1933-34— if he would. He could not disavow the principles of the NRA—the abolition of child labor, the right of collective bargaining, the fixing of hours of labor and minimum wages, and the abolition of unfair and unethical trade practices. He could not reduce taxes rapidly or balance the budget at once, and he certainly could not get the needed moneys for the relief of the unemployed "out of the hides" of those who have exploited relief for their own or for political ends, as he said he would. At all times the Governor's thinking has betrayed a lack of grasp, a failure to think things through, an absence of logic and depth, a smallness of stature which are nothing less than appalling as one tries to visualize him in the White House in this crisis of our and the world's history.

So the feeling that this campaign has all been shadow boxing, grossly artificial and apart from the realities of life, has stolen over me again and again. Have we not been marking time—precious time that ought to be utilized to the last second to clarify our national thinking, to put our national house in order, to speed up and reinvigorate the processes of democracy, and so to gird it to meet the approaching struggle with the forces of fascism and communism which seek to destroy it? It may well be that the absurd Republican slogan of "Life, Liberty, and Landon" may four years hence turn out to be apropos instead of ridiculous—without the Landon, of course. It may be that the 1940 campaign will mark a real showdown on the issue of who shall be the masters of America. Mr. Wilson in 1912 said the masters of America were "the captains of industry"—shall it be they or the plain people to whom he in his "New Freedom" days wished to return the country? A realization that the battle of 1936 dates back to 1908 and 1912 in historical continuity has been as lacking as any deep and constructive thinking.

I am not thinking merely that there may be a strong farmer-labor party in 1940 with the slogan of "Production for Use" and not profit, or that the Republicans will enter 1940 stripped of their incredibly anachronistic assumption that they, the defenders of reaction, special privileges, and great government-created riches, have suddenly become the champions of freedom and of liberty. What is coming is a vital struggle to preserve our institutions and our freedom from the very beneficiaries of our economic system who now portray themselves as the champions of liberty. Mr. Roosevelt has moved haltingly and inconsistently in the right direction, creating ideas which will carry farther than he has any thought they may. But he has not clarified the issues; he has not gone about saying: It matters not now what my mistakes, or the errors I admit. This is not the time to discuss whether I have gone too far here or not far enough there. This is the time to challenge the selfishness, the aggrandizement, the faithlessness of the controllers of great capital and the defenders of trusts and monopolies. This is the time to chart our course with all possible detail. This is the time to show the world not only that we are the masters of our own souls and destinies, but that we are prepared to bring democracy back to its original aims and ideals in America and to prove that it can easily surpass in its wisdom, its justice, its equality, its power for righteousness, and its humanity any system of dictatorship ever devised on earth.

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BROUN'S PAGE

Roosevelt Shows Up the Press

IF Franklin Delano Roosevelt fails of election, every political reporter in America is a dunderhead, and I for one will seek the top of some tall cliff. And yet even if such an unfortunate thing comes to pass, the following statement will remain true. F. D. Roosevelt is the greatest politician this country has ever produced. His fifth cousin was a tyro in comparison and Alfred E. Smith a lisping lad.

Consider some of the factors with which the President has been compelled to contend from the beginning of the campaign. One of the principal handicaps has been absence of newspaper support. At least 85 per cent of the American press has been against Roosevelt, and it has actually been difficult for him to get a break even in the news columns. Two of the toughest spots have been Chicago and New England. The Chicago *Times,* which was a comparatively obscure tabloid until the present campaign, is the only Democratic paper in that city, and in New England the Republican line is practically unbroken save for a single Worcester paper. There must have been pressure from the early days of the campaign. Advisers said, "Mr. President, you'll have to come yourself and come soon or Massachusetts is lost."

The President's timing was more shrewd. He let the newspaper publishers have more rope. They proceeded to commit sins of inconceivable stupidity. Before Colonel Knox received the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, many critics praised him for his editorial acumen in printing a piece by O'Brien, the columnist of the Chicago *Daily News,* in which Mr. O'Brien said that while his boss was a good newspaperman he would make a poor executive for the nation. But later Knox proceeded to show that he wasn't a very good newspaperman. His obvious role should have been to lean over backward in the news and editorial columns of his own paper. After all, the *Daily News* will still be appearing long after Colonel Knox's candidacy for the Vice-Presidency has been forgotten. But the campaign showed that the Colonel likes a joke on the next fellow better than one on himself.

Westbrook Pegler's column "Fair Enough" is the joint property of the Chicago *Daily News* and the Scripps-Howard papers. Lately it has been left out of the *Daily News* on several occasions. These were mostly on the afternoons when Peg had been speculating on the difficulty of finding Republicans dumb enough to bet on Landon and Knox. And every time a Pegler column was omitted, the Chicago *Times,* the enterprising tabloid, would pick it up and advertise "the Pegler column which Colonel Knox did not care to print."

Still more embarrassing was the slight blunder committed by Colonel McCormick's paper, the Chicago *Tribune.* President Roosevelt had finally called his shot late in the campaign. "Now, I will go to Chicago," he had said. The part of good common journalistic sense would have been for the hostile press of Chicago to pretend to be good sportsmen and all that sort of thing. Colonels McCormick and Knox should have put on their uniforms and William Randolph Hearst his morning coat and proceeded to the station to welcome Roosevelt. They could readily have said, "We do not like his taxes, but he is still our President." They might have spread in eight-column headlines "Welcome President Roosevelt," and then when his little time was up they could have returned to the stuff about communism and the raw deal and the rest of the rot.

Somebody in the Birdie McCormick shop outsmarted himself. The chief exhibit on the first page of the *Tribune* showed a man sweeping up a lot of discarded Roosevelt buttons from the streets of Chicago. It was a bright young man from the *Times* who discovered that the sweeper in question had been paid twenty-five cents out of the McCormick largess to pose for the picture and that the buttons had been supplied from two paper bags borne by the Chicago *Tribune* representative. This was one of the chief factors in the booing of the press which took place that night as the President's parade swept through the city.

Out of their own physical images, out of rubbing elbows together, out of seeing their own mightiness, the people of Chicago learned that their newspapers were liars and panderers to petty propaganda. It was not true—that they could see with their own eyes—that Landon was sweeping the country like a prairie fire and that the voters of America were up in arms against the New Deal. And after taking his trip to Chicago and to Detroit, Franklin Delano Roosevelt invaded New England and went to places where his own lieutenants had expressed no hope. The genius of Roosevelt as a politician is that he can come much closer to predicting the size of the crowd in Waterbury than the local committeeman is capable of doing.

Naturally there were those who told him not to venture near Boston because he would challenge comparison with the Smith meeting of 1928 and bring Al's name even more definitely into the picture. Roosevelt took the rap and the risk. The biggest crowd any political meeting in America has ever known turned out for him. And this throng of more than a hundred thousand had not met up an alley but in the center of Boston Common. The thing had happened. It was palpable and not to be denied. Franklin Delano Roosevelt had gone over the heads of the headlines and back to the people.

Of course, some of it must be luck. The break he gets on weather suggests black magic. But was it luck, I wonder, or the inspiration of pure genius which so fixed things that Roosevelt came into Cambridge at dusk and was booed by Harvard snips after the workers of Massachusetts to the extent of a million had cheered him? That was a break.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Athenian Death

BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

Born proud and fitful, hot and cold,
Suspicious as a king who sees
In every face unfaith unfold—
Born thus, bred in these qualities,
No wonder, turning, he again
Would turn to seek a steadfast lodgment
For love that was not peace, nor pain,
But a confusion past assuagement.

His was the equinoctial heart
Wherein untutored weathers veer
And random violences start:
Blank paroxysms of the year.
Or his the heart that knows no north,
Unpoled, pole-hungering, and spun
In aimless gyre, and little worth
To mark the sure direction.

His eyes pursued the flight of birds
Or read the horizon's hieroglyph;
Grudging as coin, his flattened words
Were paid for innocence, or if,
Unbound as grain, his kindness fell,
The ravening crow, his afterthought,
Revised the yearning furrow well;
And flattery rancor then unwrought.

He is not dead, for dying still,
Each day undoes the death fordone;
Nor living, for his unfed will
Refrains the sustenance of sun.
Young Lucifer! who daily falls
From glimmering pinnacles of light
And daily in the heart's four walls
Erects a hell in heaven's despite.

No traitor he! our brother yet,
So packed of truth and perfidy,
Of rage and charm, that we may get
Thus magnified and perfectly
Our image glassed in grander grace—
Bright parable of paradox.
And thus the passion of his face
Our secret secretly unlocks.

Under the starred and foreign sky,
After the spears made their carouse
And flame played only fitfully,
Timandra crept from out the house
To seek the wild one steel had tamed,
And weeping, held upon her knees
His head, whom men had always named
The *clever Alcibiades.*

Mr. Bates's Bible

THE BIBLE DESIGNED TO BE READ AS LIVING LITERATURE. The Old and New Testaments in the King James Version. Arranged and Edited by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

READING through the Bible from end to end, Mr. Bates has blue-penciled the passages that seemed to him readable or otherwise interesting from a literary point of view. He reprints them in ordinary book form in a beautiful large clear type and with a dignified page, arranging, among other things, to make the poetic elements in the famous anthology of Hebrew literature visible to the eye. He comes home with some 1,200 pages of "living" material, which he introduces by rapid, concise, and immensely suggestive digests of the results achieved by Biblical criticism during these last generations. The result is a Bible that people who have acquired some historical perspective will truly enjoy. Bible lovers will find their favorite passages, stories, poems, more easily here than in the usual editions of the complete Bible. Mr. Bates's featuring and headlining also call attention to many bits which I, for one, had never noticed before as specially beautiful or interesting.

This is not God's Bible. It belongs to Mr. Bates. On that score one wishes that Mr. Bates had given us more of himself. I miss, for instance, at the ends of his introductions, some indication of the literary fortune of this or that passage, which Mr. Bates, as one of the best-read literary historians who ever lived, could have given us out of his head. Deuteronomy is one of my favorite books, and I have read it many times, but not till the Blessing of Joseph was printed in just this way did I notice that the Praises of the Creatures of St. Francis was a paraphrase of it. Throwing out the prophets bodily as setting the worst literary and intellectual examples imaginable, with no great moral altitudes to compensate, and banishing with them the much overpraised book of Job, there would have been room for enough literary addenda to enhance the literary atmosphere of this Bible, which, at best, can never be the Bible of the pious.

Keeping still to Mr. Bates, who is the protagonist in this edition, leaving Jehovah and the others in very subordinate positions, one must rebuke him for quoting with admiration the inane fatuities of Sir Arthur Quiller Couch on the difficulties of reading the traditional Bible—one thinks of a line of Boileau which I am too polite to quote. Everybody knows that the difficulties people have in ever seeing what the Bible really says is due in the first instance to the cloud that hangs over it as a Holy Book; that historical training is prerequisite to full enjoyment of it as to the enjoyment of any ancient literature; that, at any rate, if the Gospels are "dead" literature when read in the order of Matthew-Mark, they do not become "living" when read in the order Mark-

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Matthew; that if the spirited book of Esther is "dead" literature when read as history it does not come to life when it is called, unhistorically, "a tale." Which leads to a second rebuke: Mr. Bates should dust the literary genres out of his head as cobwebs hanging over from his days as a professor. If Job is a "drama," it is, apart from the prologue, a mighty dull show.

All the same, I like Mr. Bates's rearrangement for the very shock it gives one. It lends newness to these often jaded texts that may have become hackneyed by long repetition. The Bible will never be enjoyed till it is read as it is, quite free from those blinders of piety that the average reader is forced by a gigantic social pressure to wear. And one of the most effective ways to achieve that end is to produce a shock that will make readers rational or at least semi-rational. The rearrangement in this edition accomplishes just that.

This is Mr. Bates's Bible. It is not mine, altogether. Mine is a lot gayer. Is it not true that the folklore of all peoples of all ages, when it happens to be good, often if not usually has a definitely comic value? The comic in question is to be sure extrinsic—one sees from the outside a quality which the writer or story-teller is not conscious of himself. I will say nothing of the Pentateuch, which I reread at least once a year for the laughs, among other things, that it gives me—the scene where Moses and Jehovah stack the cards on a willing but stupid Pharaoh, the rage of Moses in breaking the first stone edition of the Decalogue when he tries to fool the Hebrews but finds he has been fooled by them; Moses's arraignment of Jehovah's administration during the depression at Sinai; Moses's marriage, in his dotage, to an Ethiopian and Miriam's attempt to base a coup d'état on the color issue. These for just a few among dozens! Or think of the paean the author of Proverbs raises to "A virtuous woman," for whom he outlines a twenty-four-hour work day while he sits in state among the elders in the market-place. The comic element in the Bible has been brought home even to our pious public in works like "Green Pastures." It has already had its literary consecration in the poems of such geniuses as Belli and Fucini. It is real. Mr. Bates for practical reasons saw fit not to feature it in this Bible. It would have seemed irreverent. But need one be so fussy if one is to knock the pious tradition sky-high by making the ghastly wreckage that the "higher" criticism has wrought as obtrusive and as palpable as it is made in this modernistic Bible?

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

The Poetry of Doom

ABSALOM, ABSALOM! By William Faulkner. Random House. $2.50.

MUCH confusion will be saved if one applies to Mr. Faulkner's new book not the usual standards of the realistic novel but whatever standards we are accustomed to apply to lyric poetry of the most subjective sort. All writing is personal, to be sure, and in the last analysis so-called objective fiction represents just as temperamental a view of the facts as the frankest lyric. But in fiction usually there is some line of demarcation between the facts and the writer's vision of them, some pretense of establishing a norm or mean in their presentation. Leaving aside obvious examples of the realistic or documentary, we need only turn to such a work as "Wuthering Heights," which Mr. Faulkner's book helps us recall, to recognize how safely we are removed from the tempestuous center of feeling by the device of a narrator who is a model of sober and balanced vision. Even in James, through his "frames" and his politely colloquial style, and in Proust, through his sustained abstract logic, we are permitted within the work itself something like a normal or social angle on the facts. Nothing so distracting is allowed us by Mr. Faulkner. From first to last we are plunged into the same world, and everything that we see and feel and think is saturated with the special atmosphere of this world. Through neither the form nor the style do we escape from the closed universe of his intensely personal vision. Despite the elaborate orchestration—the story is told through at least a half-dozen voices—the voice that we hear throughout is always the same. Whether it is Miss Rosa Coldfield, frustrated Southern belle of 1866, or Shrevlin McCannon, matter-of-fact Harvard undergraduate of 1910, rhythm and vocabulary are identical; all the characters have fallen under the influence of Mr. Faulkner's later prose style. As for the method of multiple point of view borrowed from James and Conrad, it has not here any real justification. It does not give us those contrasts of perception for which it was invented nor is it actually required for the order. At best it adds a little factitious intensity to a work already sufficiently fraught with intensity of the most genuine sort. The aggravating ventriloquism of method does not disguise the fact that everything in it is the product of the same unrelieved and unrelieving vision of existence.

Through the uniformity of his image-laden and mournfully cadenced style Mr. Faulkner gives most reason for being considered as a poet rather than as a novelist; but there is also the peculiar operation of his imagination. Given a view of living as "one constant and perpetual instant when the arras-veil before what-is-to-be hangs docile and even glad to the lightest naked thrust," he is more concerned with the potentials than with the actualities of experience. Life being a very bad dream in which anything might happen, his imagination posits isolated people, actions, gestures, even speeches, broods upon them until they take the full shape of his vision, and then attempts to relate them in some sort of pattern. The reader will be struck by the recurrence of phrases like "Just imagine," "Conceive only," "Listen," all springing from the passion to make us realize, in the most literal sense, the unique person or event. Young Tom Sutpen turned away from the front door by a Negro butler, Henry throwing the dead body of his sister's fiance at her feet, old Tom Sutpen killed by a rusty scythe—each of these scenes is something separate, complete, and detachable. Each is a symbol of the same uniform vision. The work is put together not out of a logical sequence of such symbols, for the imagination does not recognize the pattern of logic, but according to order of ascending horror. Even to speak of pattern or order is perhaps inaccurate. It is rather the scale or gamut of all possible human misery and depravity.

Mr. Faulkner's imagination, that is to say, does not operate by filling in some design that has been constructed by the rational mind. It will be disappointing, for example, to try to discover in the career of Thomas Sutpen—who migrated from West Virginia by way of the West Indies to Mississippi, where he acquired a hundred miles of land and built an enormous mansion, only to be defeated in his effort to found a family by the intervention of the Civil War and bad luck with his sons—a demonstration of the social and economic contradictions of the Old South. Nor is it possible to stop at the explanation that his domestic troubles are all traceable to a social attitude that regards miscegenation as a more heinous crime than incest. Undoubtedly these circumstances of history and geography affect the *form* of the Sutpen saga, but its meaning will be

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found in a much deeper and broader interpretation of life as a whole. According to this interpretation, everything that has happened could have happened anywhere else in the world. The little drop of Negro blood that runs through Sutpen's destiny becomes no more than the symbolical materialization of that irrational element which exists to thwart the most carefully planned designs of the human will. The ultimate cause of everything is that "sickness somewhere at the prime foundation of this factual scheme," that sickness inherent perhaps in the imagination itself which always sets before it more than it can ever accomplish and enjoy.

It is because of the depth and the scale and the cumulative grandeur with which Mr. Faulkner presents this intuition that his book seems not only the best that he has yet given us but one of the most formidable of our generation. His vision of existence, which is a product of temperament, will be ultimately accepted or rejected according to the temperament of the reader. But to reject the vision is not necessarily to reject the book. T. S. Eliot refers somewhere to the mark of the great poet as the ability to understand and communicate "the essential strength and weakness of the human soul." For most readers Mr. Faulkner will fail of this mark through giving us too much of the weakness and not nearly enough of the strength. Unquestionably, his book will suffer from the limitations of his vision. But there is also no question that it owes most of its astonishing qualities to these same limitations. It possesses the awful impressiveness that comes from exhausting any attitude or vision, however wrong and one-sided, of its last measure of intensity.

WILLIAM TROY

The Age of Animals

AUDUBON. By Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THE story of Audubon has been told many times; and rightly so, since Americans in the century to come are likely to be as curious about it as they are about the stories of Washington and Lincoln, of Paul Revere and Daniel Boone. It is already one of the indispensable American myths, being first of all a success story on the grand scale and being in addition a symbol of our national Golden Age. Every author who touches John James Audubon shines with a certain light reflected forward from the time, now a little more than a century ago, when the continent basked in the white man's sunrise and a long-haired French youth could plunge through its forests with nothing but hope and glory in his eyes. The special virtue of Miss Rourke is that as a historian she has studied the sources of that light and knows how to stand where its rays will fall full upon her as she tells the story again. The title of her twelfth chapter is In the Golden Age, and the next to the last sentence of her book says of the light in Audubon's paintings that it is "always clear and cool, as though the world were seen in the early morning." She has written as much about the age as about the man.

This will account for the obvious fact that her narrative is less dramatic than it can legitimately be. She has not felt her hero with the intensity, for instance, which distinguished the recent biography of Audubon by Donald Culross Peattie. Whereas Mr. Peattie made a great deal of drama out of the famous meeting in Louisville between Audubon and his future rival, Alexander Wilson, Miss Rourke contents herself with noting in two pages that the episode occurred; and against Mr. Peattie's exciting account of Lucy's arrival in New Orleans to be once more with the husband for whom she had made so many sacrifices there stand in Miss Rourke's book eight noncommittal words: "The family was reunited, and this was happiness." For that matter she has toned down the sacrifices; to the extent at least of itemizing from a bill of sale in 1819 the handsome household goods with which the Audubons lived in Henderson, Kentucky, until their failure there. She can not be said to ignore any important incident in the biography, nor does she tell her story without skill. It is simply that her deepest interest is in the background: in the lingo which Audubon heard along the rivers and learned to use, in the folklore with which as a hunter he was invariably plied, in the songs and dances among whose rhythms he moved, in the tall tales and the practical jokes which he liked as well as anyone. She gives no more space to the meeting with Wilson in Louisville than to the great earthquake of 1811 which sank islands in the Mississippi and created lakes in western Tennessee. She makes the most of every possible encounter with Daniel Boone, because Boone too is background that cannot be slighted. And her portraits of places—New Orleans, Feliciana, Fatland Ford—are painted for their own sakes by one to whom every recoverable portion of early-nineteenth-century America is precious and must be preserved.

Her final triumph, however, is with the fauna of the time. The biographer of David Crockett, the historian of American humor, and the untiring student of our remotest folkways makes herself for the present purpose and for the time being a naturalist, a familiar on their own ground with the birds and quadrupeds of which Audubon's America was so full. It is as if she had decided that no living thing in such a world must be alien to her; and remembered that life for her hero was chiefly a matter of wings, a thunder of feet. Cataracts of birds pour through her pages, and the forest is alive with an army of animals; nor has she forgotten the jungle of flowers from which the painter selected sprays to perch his subjects upon. She has lavished upon the task, too, an exact learning; she does not let it go with a few patches of impressionism. She is always specific, always documented, and always interesting; as when, for example, she watches over Audubon's shoulder a snowy owl along the Ohio shore near Louisville:

> Deep cavities or potholes lay among the shoals where fish found the shelter of calm water. Near these the owl was watching. Lying flat on a rock in midstream like a stealthy cat watching for a mouse, his body lengthwise, his head down but turned toward the water, he looked like a soft patch of snow and seemed asleep, but if a fish rose to the surface from the pothole, out went his barbed claw; he carried it away, devoured it, and came back. When one pothole failed to yield fish he slid over to another. He was joined without a rustle of sound by his mate in the pale early darkness. With the first streak of light they were lost like small white clouds in General Clark's woods.

Or as when she looks up with him at "some goshawks trailing a great crowd of swiftly flying pigeons over the Ohio":

> Suddenly one of them turned aside to a flock of blackbirds, and the blackbirds swiftly closed together and were like a dusky ball passing through the air. The goshawk claimed four or five of them with ease, squeezed them, dropped them into the river. As the blackbirds reached dense woods they plunged, and the goshawk wheeled and dipped and picked up his prey from the surface of the water.

She has Audubon's own notes to guide her in many a passage of this sort. But it is plain that she has equipped herself to understand the notes, and as far as possible to see what Audubon saw. He saw "the primal natural world as part of our inheritance." She desires that we see it too; and has her desire.

MARK VAN DOREN

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On Making War

HOW TO RUN A WAR. By Bruce Winton Knight. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THIS book is not meant for readers of *The Nation*. It is directed to the Upper Classes, and Mr. Knight makes it very clear that such persons as ministers, university professors, and the like are not included in this group, no matter how much they may delude themselves into thinking that they are. Moreover, with an eye to reaching the truly elite, it is written in a primer-like style which would be scorned by the sophisticated readers of this magazine.

One would suspect that Mr. Knight had read Newton D. Baker's recent article in *Foreign Affairs* on how we got into the last war and had decided that the whole affair had been bungled badly. Abhorring inefficiency, he has set forth in simplest terms detailed rules not only for getting into war but for killing the greatest number of people, including your own countrymen, as expeditiously as possible. In this respect the book is infinitely superior to Moss's "Military Manual," and should be compulsory reading for all Veterans of Future Wars. A Congressional appropriation for putting the book in the hands of every schoolboy might easily yield a greater loss of life per dollar expended than the millions now wasted on naval vessels which will be obsolete before they are launched.

Although perhaps it is indiscreet to reveal the book's contents to persons who really have nothing to do with starting wars, something of its nature may be garnered from its chapter headings. There are sections on How to Start, How to Intervene, How to Balance Power, How to Get in Somebody Else's War, How to Lie for Your Country, How to Stir Up the Animals, How to Keep Them Mad, The General Principles of Killing, How to Kill Soldiers, How to Fix the Pacifists, How to Practice Internationalism, How to Make the Enemy Pay for It, and How to Compute the Dividends.

Unlike most volumes written exclusively for the Upper Classes, Mr. Knight's book represents a thorough and commendable research job. While there are few facts which have not appeared elsewhere, there is also little of the science of starting, organizing, and preserving war which does not appear in this little volume. If it had been available a few years ago, the Nye committee and the various commissions for Improving the National Defense might have been saved a lot of unnecessary labor.

Not until the final chapter—the author assumes a great deal regarding the sustained literacy of the Upper Classes—is there any intimation that war may not be all milk and honey for its initiators. Then there is a vague suggestion that the final outcome of the war cycle is revolution, an idea which is not likely to appeal too strongly to those who are surest about the many virtues developed by a good international scrap. Yet the chances that this minor handicap will dissuade any enthusiastic member of the Liberty League from pursuing policies that will lead to war are exceedingly slim. The author suggests that there are four ways to stop war: (1) a growth of pacifist sentiment that would frighten the politicians, (2) a strong League of Nations, (3) a more even distribution of wealth, (4) more knowledge regarding the actual character of war—"because men are not by nature fools." But is there any danger that the Men Who Count will espouse any of these four causes?

Possibly the first step toward carrying out the fourth of these suggestions would be for a few of the 125,999,950 Americans who are not members of the select circle to go to the nearest bookstore and steal a few paragraphs from the book when the clerk's back is turned.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

An American Dictionary

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. Edited by Sir William Craigie and James R. Hulbert. *PART I, A-BAGGAGE.* University of Chicago Press. $4; $75 for 20 parts.

READING page by page the first fascicle of the "Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles," one realizes gradually that the work before him is not only a great achievement in lexicography but one of the most memorable of all American books. Because it will be published in parts over a period of several years and, when completed, will be rather expensive for private purses—at least, if paid for in one fell swoop—there is some danger that it will be relegated to the reference alcoves of public or institutional libraries, there to be consulted occasionally in elucidation of some obscure term or to be studied once in a decade by some stray specialist in Americanisms. That would be a dismal career for a book that ought to be accessible and familiar to every American who desires to come into full possession of his own language and to understand the cultural history of his country.

Strong words about a mere dictionary, and ridiculously inapplicable if Sir William Craigie and his staff had been content to compile a bulkier rival to the several good dictionaries already available. What they have done is something very different. Avoiding so far as possible the duplication of previous work, they have endeavored chiefly to exhibit clearly "those features by which the English of the American colonies and the United States is distinguished from that of England and the rest of the English-speaking world." They have included, however, "not only words or phrases which are clearly or apparently of American origin, or have greater currency here than elsewhere, but also every word denoting something which has a real connection with the development of the country and the history of its people." To gather the materials for their work the editors have conducted an unparalleled ransacking of the national library, not neglecting manuscript diaries and records. Even Mr. Craigie, veteran of two great dictionaries, seems to have been astonished at the mass of evidence that had to be collected and presented, and users of the dictionary will share his wonder. They will share also what must surely be his delight in his accomplishment, for this first fascicle promises that the completed dictionary will illustrate three centuries of linguistic and cultural development with an amplitude and a richness of detail hitherto unrealized. No other dictionary now existing is so continuously readable, so brimful of the life of the nation whose language it registers, or so brilliantly exemplifies the intimate relation of language and society. Consider what compact monographs on American life are the articles in the first instalment on *apple, anti-,* and *back,* together with their various compounds.

Sir William Craigie and his staff, assisted by a number of volunteer helpers, have been at work on the dictionary for eleven years, and it may take as many more to bring their task to completion. The General Education Board has borne most of the cost of the enterprise, to which the University of Chicago and the American Council of Learned Societies have also contributed substantially. They have thus rendered a lasting service to American culture.

GEORGE GENZMER

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Melodramatic Mexico

THE STONES AWAKE: A NOVEL OF MEXICO. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

UNLIKE his first novel, "Black River," in which he told in the guise of fiction the story of Tampico's rape, Carleton Beals's second novel of Mexico lacks the authenticity and the weight of an exposé. It is a novel merely, and in it there are no new facts, no new interpretations to counterbalance Mr. Beals's considerable deficiencies as an artist. Even so, it is a sincere and laborious attempt to retell, in terms of the individuals who have helped to shape it, the history of Mexico from the Maderist revolt to the regime of Lázaro Cárdenas. It is full of revolutionary violence and surface detail. And it is profoundly sympathetic. But more than that one cannot say, for the crudities of its cliché-ridden style crop up with such regularity that one can't remain less than hypercritical throughout. When such phrases as "ill-gotten money," "hale and hearty," "happy as a bird," "raving mad," fail to suffice him, Mr. Beals lapses into intolerable tropes of his own, like "ham-shaped lips," "lemon-squeezed expression," or cliché-combinations which are even worse.

Behind the slovenly writing, of course, there is a compelling story. But it is compelling only as Mexico's metamorphosis is compelling, and not because of Mr. Beals. One reads on in it, despite his writing, because of his superior knowledge of his subject. In the character of Esperanza Huitrón, the daughter of Indian peons, Beals takes one briefly through the sadistic feudalism that raped, stole, flogged its way to the inevitable uprising of Esperanza's class under the aristocrat-idealist, Francisco Madero. Luis, Esperanza's lover, escapes from the hacienda to join Zapata in the south; her brother José escapes to join Villa in the north. Thus a complex setting is arranged in order that Esperanza can be made to witness the betrayal of the bourgeois revolt, and the venal succession of Huerta, Carranza, Calles, Gil, Rubio, up to the pseudo-socialism under Cárdenas.

The bulk of Esperanza's experience can be found in Beals's own book "Mexican Maze," and the rest of it in the writings of Gruening, Brenner, Gamio, and Tannenbaum. Willy-nilly, Esperanza, illiterate though beautiful *india* that she is, is made to come in contact with the decadence of Mexican officialdom and the gringo influx, and finally, by means of her life with David Muñoz, a painter, she is brought into the very center of the revolutionary artists' movement led by Siquieros and Orozco. Hardly an exploitable incident in Beals's own life has been overlooked, nor a single historic figure. Only twice is Esperanza's story really credible: once, when after Luis's death she labors in a soap works until a disastrous strike; then, when she returns to Milpa Verde at Popocatepetl's foot to assist her brother in founding a public school against the sabotage of priests and *hacendados*. Both sequences are carried along, simply and accurately, by the force of their dramatic content. The rest of Esperanza's life, unhappily, is quite unreal, and is held together mainly by Beals's excessive use of the melodramatic crutches of coincidence, hatred, lust, murder, and infidelity.

To be forced to condemn so completely a work of a writer with whose intent one sympathizes wholly is a hapless task; and for this reason one may beg to hazard a single extraneous thesis: that the novel is not the medium for Mr. Beals's synthesis of Mexico's tumult, but that the sketchbook is; and that therefore he should waste no further energy on a medium beyond his ken but return to the hodge-podge impressionistic stuff of "Mexican Maze" and fashion a surface study of life under the Six-Year Plan of President Cárdenas. It is a task that needs doing, and there is no one better equipped to do it than Mr. Beals.

LEIGH WHITE

A Great Poet Lost and Regained

THE WORKS OF BEDDOES. Edited by H. W. Donner. Oxford University Press. $5.

THE BROWNING BOX. Edited by H. W. Donner. Oxford University Press. $5.

READERS of anthologies know Beddoes exclusively by his song—"If there were dreams to sell, what would you buy?" Readers of detective stories who have come across Dorothy Sayers's "Have-His-Carcase" know Beddoes rather better. They know at least that he wrote something called "Death's Jest Book," from which she culled the powerful lines prefixed to each of her chapters. Now that H. W. Donner has edited and published the complete "Works of Beddoes," ignorance or casual acquaintance will no longer be excusable for those who pride themselves on a knowledge of the great English poets or take pleasure in reading them. For Donner's work of editing, his life of the poet, and his publication of letters by Browning and others regarding the man and his work leave no doubt that here is an outstanding master of English verse who has been overlooked for a mere century or so.

One of the reasons for that neglect is that Beddoes was much more than a poet, or at least, many other things. In fact, except for some juvenile publications, he never was a professional poet at all. He was a physician like his distinguished father, a resident of Germany, a pamphleteer on behalf of political freedom in Central Europe, an interpreter of German culture to his English friends, a letter-writer of transcendent power, a translator of scientific works, a student and critic of the English drama, and finally a suicide. His finest work was published posthumously and partially in 1850 and 1851, and from that time to the days of Mr. Donner he has been at the mercy of editors who, careless or over-fastidious, have never got round to doing their subject justice.

Yet it does not seem very difficult for the present generation to understand Beddoes or to carve him an ample niche by the side of Byron, Shelley, Schiller, Goethe, Hugo, Pushkin, and Leopardi. He belongs to that company, both by temperament and by achievement, despite the false appearance of fragmentariness that a hasty glance at his work is likely to discover. The conventional attitude has been to call him a belated Elizabethan dramatist and to point to "Death's Jest Book" as a proof that he lacked constructive power, that he was in short a gifted amateur or even a genius *manqué*. Another way of reading the evidence commends itself as more critical. "Death's Jest Book" is a seemingly shapeless mass, not because it is unfinished, but because it is, as a creation, boundless. A poet with a limited imagination would have polished off his five acts and been done with it. When Beddoes died at the age of forty-six, he had written enough for three plays on the one theme and had still not exhausted his inspiration within the limits of his original conception. It is precisely the process Goethe exemplifies in Faust, with nearly forty years more of meditation and accumulation, and it is one characteristic of the romanticist productive power. It creates by addition rather than by whittling; which does not in the least mean that Beddose—or Goethe—was not self-critical. The contents of the famous "Browning Box" show the endless pains Beddoes took with his lines, until he achieved what many of the younger

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English and American poets are coming to consider one of the notable contributions to English verse forms—the Beddoesian blank verse. Steeped as he was in the Elizabethans, he nevertheless does not echo their music. Milton's, Blake's, and Shelley's are equally distant from his; so that standing alone on his own summit he justifies the appellation of great English poet.

The history of these poems since the death of Beddoes is an involved but exciting tale of mischance and miracle—from their custody in the hands of Beddoes's devoted friend Kelsall to the prudish treatment of Robert Browning (who gave up all interest in Beddoes on learning that he had committed suicide) and thence to the incompetent and patronizing paws of Sir Edmund Gosse, who fastened gratuitously upon the poet the character of homosexual by altering the text of his letters. As usual, the Germans began the work of rehabilitation, Dr. Alwin Feller having as early as 1914 denounced the spurious golden eggs that Sir Edmund was laying in successive partial editions of the poet's remains. Finally, Oxford, Beddoes's Alma Mater, came to the rescue and through Mr. Donner and the University Press has furnished us with the two volumes under review. They supersede all previous editions and lives and invalidate almost all former critical opinions.

One interesting essay, published some years ago by J. A. Ogdon in "Life and Letters" but not mentioned by Mr. Donner, makes a point that deserves notice, for it is likely to arise again and again. Mr. Ogdon drew a parallel between Beddoes, Berlioz, and Poe as romanticist artists fascinated by the theme of love and death. It is of course a plausible analogy, though one should include Heine—and Hardy—but it really carries little weight. Striking as the macabre may be in the work of the three romanticists, it bears only a minor and varying proportion to the rest of their work. To take Beddoes alone, Ogdon's suggestion amounts to mistaking a recurrent mood for a limiting obsession. Beddoes could and did write of smiling nature, of calm contemplation, and of almost all the gentler "normal" feelings. He wrote love lyrics that were not sardonic, and he indited two of the funniest poems in the language—The Oviparous Tailor and The New Cecilia. His letters reveal a balanced variety of moods, and if the penultimate note struck in them was gloomy ("I am food for what I am good for—worms") it was the clear gloom of the stoic who knew himself and the world, though he obviously did not know that the best part of him was only then beginning the long road to earthly immortality.

JACQUES BARZUN

Shorter Notices

THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES: AN ENGLISH VERSION. By Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

Messrs. Fitts and Fitzgerald have put the "Alcestis" into English in such a way as to convey both its poetic and its dramatic qualities. This is a translation in the best sense of the word, namely, a rendering of the "emotional and sensible meanings" of the original, with a necessary but not ruthless disregard of literal accuracy. The sonority of Euripidean Greek could not, of course, be plausibly reproduced throughout in contemporary English; and the young American poets have used free but controlled cadences which, by hinting at the Greek meters, recreate the original more faithfully than the Swinburnean anapests and mock-heroic blank verse so dear to academic translators. The simple dignity of the version is well exemplified in these lines:

> My mother was cursed the night she bore me,
> And I am faint with envy of all the dead:
> *How clean they are, who are out of life forever!*
> They are beautiful, and I would be with them.

One of the richest of ancient works of literature in psychological analysis, the "Alcestis" is a play that should readily appeal to a contemporary audience; and it is matter for rejoicing that it has at last been made available for the modern stage.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN. By Martha Gellhorn, With a Preface by H. G. Wells. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

Miss Gellhorn spent a number of months as an investigator for the Federal Relief Administration. She saw men and women who were the recipients of the government's bounty, or who needed such bounty and could not get it. Her stories are all about people in that lower fringe of society where there is no guaranty of something to eat or a place to sleep, where heaven on earth means simply a job, at any wage so long as it is paid regularly. Except for an occasional lapse into sentimentality, Miss Gellhorn writes soberly of people who are credibly honest and industrious. They not only want to work but they must work to keep themselves sane. Her most successful story is the last, the record of a ten-year-old girl who, given a toothbrush as a prize for orderly work at school, had to have toothpaste to go with it. Ruby wanted roller skates, too, and a can of peaches for her mother, to supplement the three dollars a week for food that the city allowed. Without knowing what she was doing, she followed the oldest profession of women because that was the only way she could get fifty cents. Miss Gellhorn is wise enough not to put her pity for Ruby into words, with the result that the child's tragedy is altogether pitiful and convincing.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

U. S. CAMERA 1936. Edited by T. J. Maloney. William Morrow and Company, $2.90.

This is the second annual issue of a volume modeled in physical form and in intention on the well-known French volume "Photographie." Many of the best-known as well as various less prominent American photographers are represented in well-reproduced plates, and by way of introduction there is an amusing squib on the divagations of the aestheticians of photography. Wisely the editor is committed to no theories and has gathered a riotous collection of pictures varying all the way from the conventional to the merely fantastic. Though solemnly debated for nearly a hundred years now, the question whether or not photography is an art is still really beside the point. The indubitable fact remains that people like pictures, and that photography has given them various kinds produced in no other medium. Just what is left after one has discounted the pretty-pretty on the one hand and the merely astonishing on the other may be still an open question, but the best way to settle it is to let the camera men do whatever they like. At the present moment they are very actively doing it. J. W. K.

THE LAST ENEMY. A STUDY OF YOUTH. By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Mr. Strong has taken the title of his new novel from I Corinthians xv: 26, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." The scene is a boys' school in England and the hero is a young master there—a very young master—whose

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experiences alternate between the realism of conversations which he overhears at Oxford about the recent war and the rather delicate hallucinations of his private mind, particularly on the subjects of death and survival after death. The novel is better than ordinary, but it would be still better if Mr. Strong had found a way to unify it. There is too much distance between the hardness of the war talk and the softness of the death theme; the first runs off into brutal hysteria and the second into something that sounds like spirit meetings. It is unlikely, however, that the demoralization of Oxford during war time will ever need to be "done" again; or that any reader will forget the Walpurgisnacht in which a dozen drunken students curse everything, including one another. M. V. D.

DRAMA

What's Hecuba to Him?

THE production which has been given to "Daughters of Atreus" (Forty-fourth Street Theater) is a good deal less than satisfactory. Upon that point there can hardly be two opinions, and under the circumstances the fact is hardly a cause for surprise. No one knows precisely how such a play should be acted or directed because no one in the contemporary theater has had much opportunity to learn, and it is hardly to be expected that a style, harmonious and complete, should be brought to perfection during a three weeks' rehearsal. The play will never be given the production it really deserves until that time comes—if it ever does—when this particular kind of formalized dignity and this particular sort of more-than-human passion are as genuine a part of our theatrical tradition as realism now is.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that we shall not only do wrong to all concerned but cheat ourselves as well if we fail to realize that here is one of the most extraordinary American plays of a generation. Her heavy accent may mar the otherwise often impressive performance of the German actress Eleonora Mendelssohn, who plays Klytaimnestra; Joanna Roos, as Elektra, may seem somewhat lacking in force during the early scenes, even though she is, I think, very fine indeed in the last one. But that is not the point. The point is that even at its worst the production is not so opaque as to prevent the beauty, the originality, and the power of the play from coming through. Robert Turney, a young and hitherto unknown writer, has achieved a near-miracle: without outwardly spectacular innovations he has retold the whole familiar story from the sacrifice of Iphegeneia to the murder of Klytaimnestra in some fashion which makes it seem both old as time and fresh as the moment in which it is unrolled.

The intention of Mr. Turney's play is exactly opposite to that of "Mourning Becomes Electra." O'Neill, if I understand him aright, undertook the most drastic possible transmogrification of the story because he wanted to show, not that Greek culture was still alive, but that we ourselves were capable of giving our own meaning to a series of events which, so far as the mere events themselves are concerned, might take place in any civilization. Mr. Turney, on the other hand, aims at something quite different. He modernizes only to the extent of shifting emphasis somewhat so that more stress is laid upon motive and also slightly more, perhaps, on something which I believe is fully implicit in some of the Greek versions

SEX TECHNIQUE in MARRIAGE

By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D.
Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London
Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D.
Former Commissioner of Education, N. Y. C.

ILLUSTRATED with EXPLANATORY DIAGRAMS

SUBJECTS INCLUDED

PRE-MARITAL PREPARATION
Necessary Sex Knowledge—Sex Freedom Before Marriage for the Man; For the Woman—Sex Instinct in Men and Women Contrasted—Implications of Courtship — Hereditary Factors — The Age Factor—Indications of Sexual Incompatability — The Neurotic Temperament in Marriage.

FIRST SEX ACT
Analysis of Sexual Intercourse—Preliminary Love-Play—Overcoming Mental Obstacles—Pain—Early Intercourse—The Fatigue Factor—The Husband's Part—The Wife's Part—Methods of Sexual Stimulation—The Active vs. the Passive Wife—Nervous Shock of First Intercourse—Temporary Impotence — Simultaneous Climax; How Produced.

THE SEX ORGANS
Knowledge of Male and Female Organs Essential to Both Husband and Wife—"Fitting"—Anatomy of Sex Organs—Hygiene of Sex Organs—How Fertilization Takes Place.

SEX LIFE IN MARRIAGE
The Arts of Love—Timing—Impotence During Marriage—Sexual Cooperation—Influence of Age, Sexual Instinct and Health—Sexual Adjustment—Sex Errors—Sexual Rhythm—Frequency of Intercourse — Positions in Intercourse; when Variations are Indicated — Sexual Starvation — The Unsatisfied Wife—Prelude to Sex; Love Play—Sex Life During Pregnancy; after Childbirth.

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BIRTH CONTROL

IT comes as a startling fact to many couples who THINK they are well-informed, that they ARE in REALITY, AMAZINGLY IGNORANT OF THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE. "When no trouble is taken to learn how to make sexual intercourse harmonious and happy, a variety of complications arise. Very often wives remain sexually unawakened, and therefore inclined to dislike sexual intercourse. When that happens, husbands do not experience what they long for, and are apt to be sexually starved. Neither husbands nor wives on these terms attain to harmony, and the result is nervous ill-health. . . The cause of all this is not want of love. It is want of *knowledge.*"—A. H. Gray, M.A., D.D.

"FROM a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly." Many men feel bitter, in a resigned sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this problem, which too often is one of "the bungling husband," frequently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know exactly what to do for each other. In THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail that no one need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater assurance of successful marriage."

WHILE completely frank, Dr. Hutton handles the subject with excellent taste, and, as the American Medical Association says, "with good judgment as to what constitutes general medical opinion."

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—namely, the essential conflict between dominant *mores* which enforced the duty of revenge and a growing sense of the evil of a code which did so. But he departs from tradition no farther for the very reason that his intention is the antithesis of O'Neill's, that instead of setting our culture against the culture of the Greeks, he assumes for the latter a still living vitality. Paraphrasing Hamlet's question, he asks, "What's Electra to us or we to her?" And he answers in a fashion which is somehow convincing, "Almost everything."

Why this should be, how a legend which was already archaic twenty-five hundred years ago when Sophocles and Euripides wrote their versions can be so moving today, I do not know. Perhaps it is because the childhood of Greece is our childhood in a sense more real than we, our understandings blunted by ten thousand fatuous repetitions of the fact, are aware. Perhaps because, for that reason, the emotional conflicts embodied in its legends are fundamental to us and find more satisfactory solutions as well as a clearer expression in them than in any later or more sophisticated story. But whatever the reasons, the fact remains that "Daughters of Atreus" is amazing in two respects.

For one thing it is astonishingly effective both as drama and as theater. The last scene, in which the aging Klytaimnestra, weary of life and weary, above everything else, of the effort to keep herself going on the bloody passion which has been the mainspring of her life, finds herself in this mood suddenly faced with Elektra and Orestes, both full of all that she is done with and ready to begin all over again that tale of woe which she thought lived out, is as moving as any I can remember in the modern theater. The speech in which she implores them to spare her, not for her sake but for theirs, is magnificent in itself but doubly so when it falls, as we know it does, upon the deaf ears of those who can only learn for themselves what Klytaimnestra cannot teach them. Each of the three acts has a climax almost as powerful, and yet I am not sure that this dramatic effectiveness considered merely by itself is as remarkable as the fact, mentioned above, that the whole seems so relevant in meaning and so immediate in its emotional appeal. I should hardly have supposed it possible that so old a tale could be retold with so little obvious reworking and yet again be felt through with such unmistakable freshness. It is seldom that I am moved in the theater as on this occasion I was.

Mr. Turney's chances for a "run" are, I am afraid, dubious at best. No such fears need be felt for Jacques Deval, whose "Tovarich" (Plymouth Theater) is undoubtedly set to repeat its European success. The reasons are obvious, for the little farce about two exiled members of the old Russian nobility who go into domestic service in Paris is staged in Gilbert Miller's best manner. It is also bright, high-spirited, and frequently very amusing, though I must admit that its sentimental passages left me slightly unhappy. "Iron Men" (Longacre Theater) is a slow-moving and all too obvious play about a certain gang of structural steel workers who appear as modern versions of the Three Musketeers. Probably it would never have been produced at all had not Norman Bel Geddes seen the opportunity it afforded him to set a skyscraper a-building upon his stage. Literal reproduction of a scene could hardly go farther, and in the very midst of the depression it might have drawn crowds anxious not to forget what the thing was like. Surely, however, some buildings are going up now, and the spectacle at the Longacre affords little that cannot be observed from a well-chosen position on the curb. Besides, I always thought that excavations drew even larger crowds.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

COLUMBIA is re-pressing in a new series and at a higher price foreign records of special distinction, including some originally issued by subscription. The idea is excellent, and so is the beginning: an abbreviated version of Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice" sung in French by Alice Raveau, contralto (Orpheus), Germaine Feraldy, soprano (Eurydice), Jany Delille, soprano (Eros and a Happy Spirit), the D'Alexis Vlassoff Russian Choir, with the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris conducted by Henri Tomasi. The performance is not without its occasional flaws, which are heard chiefly in the singing of Mlle Delille, and a phrase or two broken in disturbing fashion by Mlle Raveau; but these do not make Mlle Raveau anything less than a superb artist, or the performance less than a beautiful and moving presentation of the work. Columbia itself, however, deserves a rebuke for issuing a set of this kind with a mere synopsis instead of the complete text in French and English (eight records, $16).

From Columbia, also, comes one of Haydn's most exquisite and delightful quartets, Opus 33, No. 3, played by the Roth String Quartet, whose performance of it when they first came here was something of a sensation. Some of the vitality, the sparkle, the dazzling incandescence which I recall in that performance—particularly in the last movement—has gone out of it; but there remains quartet-playing exemplary in tonal balance and phrasing, and unsurpassed in feeling for the essential style of this music; and that is a great deal (three records, $5).

Victor has re-pressed Mozart's beautiful Piano Concerto in E flat, Köchel No. 482, in the performance of Edwin Fischer with a chamber orchestra under John Barbirolli, the new conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. The playing of the orchestra is excellent in technical finish and musical style; but don't take that as the complete answer to your question about Barbirolli. All it tells us is that he can do well with an orchestra that respects his competence and authority; whether Toscanini's orchestra will do that remains to be heard.

As for Fischer, he can play like a great artist, as he does in the piano's first entrance in the slow movement with a variation on the theme first played by the orchestra; he can also shock one by his bad taste, as he does in the piano's next entrance. This is a second variation on the theme; and such increased movement as Mozart desires he achieves by a bass (lower part) with more notes to each beat; but that he intends the beats to maintain their original pace he indicates not only by an absence of printed directions to the contrary but—and this should be even more significant to an artist—by having the orchestra play the original theme with the piano's variation. I say "more significant" because I would expect an artist to realize that by putting on a sudden burst of speed in the variation he was altering the character of the original theme. There are other lapses of taste on Fischer's part—his sentimentalizing of the concluding section of the movement, of phrases in the first movement; and I take it that the dreadful cadenza is his; or if not, that it represents his choice (four records, $8).

On other Victor single records (each $1.50) are Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, well played by Lhevinne; and two Händel items superbly sung by Marian Anderson; a Te Deum, and "Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare."

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

"Are Annuities Safe?"

Dear Sirs: Maxwell S. Stewart's article Are Annuities Safe? in *The Nation* of September 26 should have been captioned An Alarmist Looks at Life. I am so convinced of the safety of insurance that when you question the stability of insurance, I feel that you are undermining the United States government. Insurance funds are invested in the basic industries of the country.

You mention a return on annuities of 3 per cent to 3½ per cent. I am inclined to think that you mean the interest rate the companies pay on dividend accumulations and trust funds. The return on annuities is larger. For example: a single premium of $1,000 deposited in an annuity will yield a guaranteed return of 22.4 per cent based on age eighty-five, and 7.9 per cent based on age sixty. You mention the fact that money put in an annuity is beyond recall. That is true, but that does not seem like a drawback to me because $1,000 deposited with the company to give you the generous return of 22.4 per cent for life is not invested with the company temporarily but is an exchange for a guaranteed life income; you should not expect to have the $1,000 at your command as well as a life income.

As for the companies refusing to make loans in 1933, it was at the request of the government and not because of the diminishing cash reserve. As a matter of fact, the insurance companies have had more cash in the depression years than they know what to do with. They have a tremendous surplus just waiting for the kind of investments that will yield the interest rate they are pledged to pay and more.

The oldest insurance company, the Mutual Life is 102 years old. In the entire history of the business not one mutual company has failed to pay one death claim, one disability claim, or one matured contract.

MARJORIE BERCOVICI

Springfield, Mass., October 16

[*This letter was written under the letterhead of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.*]

Dear Sirs: Please accept my thanks for the copy of the article Are Annuities Safe? I have read it very carefully and with great interest, and I want to extend to Mr. Stewart my congratulations on his clear understanding of the matter discussed and on his absolutely correct conclusion.

But on one or two important points Mr. Stewart's information is not in accord with the facts. He says: ". . . in New York and other states insurance commissions forced them [the companies] for a time to refuse policy loans except in cases of dire necessity." Now the facts of that moratorium are these, as reported by Morgan B. Brainard, president of the Aetna Life, to a meeting of his managers and general agents in the fall of 1933, just as the long six months' default was being lifted: In February, 1933, there was held in New York City a secret meeting of life-insurance executives attended by one or more representative of each life-insurance company in the East, as well as of some from other sections of the country. The subject discussed was the unbearable demand for cash-surrender values and policy loans under which the companies were then staggering, some of them failing. In the course of the meeting, according to Mr. Brainard, a certain life-insurance executive offered a resolution "requesting" the insurance commissioners to save the companies from ruin by declaring a moratorium on policy loans and cash-surrender values; the resolution was immediately seconded by another executive; and on being put to a vote it was adopted with but one dissenting vote.

Mr. Stewart is also mistaken when he states, "Insurance companies are probably fully as strong as the banks." This is not at all true; most of our banks have cleaned house and taken their losses, and continue to do business in the attempt to recoup at a later date. Practically no life-insurance company has done that.

JAMES P. SULLIVAN

Chicago, October 14

City Planning at Harvard

Dear Sirs: I should be most obliged to you if you would correct an unfortunate impression made by a letter signed by Oscar Sutermeister and published in your issue of October 10.

Mr. Sutermeister refers to the "tragedy and injustice" of discontinuing the School of City Planning at Harvard, which now lies, he tells us, a "burnt offering on the altar of Tercentenary ambitions."

During the academic year 1936-37 no instruction in city planning, except for certain advanced students, will be given at Harvard, since it will be necessary to devote all the funds available for city planning to the completion of researches in this field which at the beginning of the year were already in process. In September, 1937, instruction in city planning will be resumed; and although this instruction will be on a scale substantially reduced from that of recent years, it will nevertheless be unsurpassed in quality or range by the instruction given in any other American university. The School of City Planning has been united with the Schools of Architecture and of Landscape Architecture to form the School of Design. This is an administrative adjustment which will in no way affect the character of the instruction in city planning.

JOSEPH HUDNUT,
Dean of the Faculty of Design,
Harvard University

Cambridge, October 14

Would It Work?

Dear Sirs: It was a refreshing experience to find the editors of *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, and the *Herald Tribune* in such amicable agreement over the ridiculousness of the President's suggested plan to call a peace conference of the heads of governments. *The Nation's* alternative to the President's "fantastic" plan, to sit and wait for trouble until it comes, confirms a suspicion I've entertained for a long time concerning the similarity between conservatives and so-called liberals when a bold, unconventional plan to prevent world-wide disaster is presented to their unimaginative minds.

To line up behind the President's peace plan would give a setback to the isolationist spirit triumphant even over the best of our peace societies today. Once the necessity of preventing other peoples' wars, if we ourselves want to stay out, is established it will be comparatively simple to create the essential international political and economic reorganization on which to build a real, all-inclusive, democratic, non-military Federation of Nations. But we sarcas-

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tically refuse to support Roosevelt's "fantastic" peaceful attempt to achieve a warless world, leaving it to the militarists to uphold his spending fantastic billions on armed defense.

This convinces me that today's most urgent medical need is a serum with which to inoculate liberals against the fear of being ridiculous. The militarists are immune. Two madmen, Mussolini and Hitler, disregarding the world's laughter, disappointed the learned doctors hoping to kill them with ridicule. Now the whole world trembles at their every new antic.

EDITH WYNNER

New York, October 16

Difference of Opinion

Dear Sirs: Mr. Adamic's articles on the assassination of King Alexander is reminiscent of the fantastic rumors and persistent misstatements which filled Europe in July, 1914, after the murder of Franz Ferdinand.

In the beginning of his tale Mr. Adamic accurately describes the murder as one of the great mysteries of recent years. Then he proceeds partially to solve it by asserting that French officials "gave the assassin almost direct aid in the commission of his deed." The proof of this sensational charge is a composite array of what even Mr. Adamic admits are rumors, newspaper stories (found in French and Balkan newspapers!), and rhetorical questions answered in a hoarse whisper. He ends the piece by reaffirming his complete ignorance of the solution of the mystery.

Without appearing pedantic, I wish you would bring to Mr. Adamic's attention the news that "the established fact of history that twenty years earlier . . . Franz Ferdinand was given no protection on arriving [in Sarajevo]" is really a rumor; the two leading students of the Sarajevo murder specifically deny the "fact." (See S. B. Fay, "The Origins of the War," Vol. II, Chap. 2; B. E. Schmitt, "The Coming of the War," Vol. I, Chap. 3).

FRANK J. MANHEIM

Schenectady, N. Y., October 12

Dear Sirs: I have read with great interest Mr. Adamic's excellent and well-reasoned article concerning the assassination of Alexander Karageorgevich and believe that you may be interested in the following additional facts.

Shortly after the happenings in Marseilles, a lieutenant and spokesman of Dr. Ante Pavelich, one of the leaders of the movement for Croation independence now held incomunicado by the Italian police, admitted to me that Pavelich had received substantial sums of money from Count Ciano, the son-in-law of Mussolini, at that time chief of the Italian Propaganda Bureau.

This spokesman of Pavelich told me this in order to show, as he said, the duplicity of the Italians, who first had encouraged the assassination and then right after the event arrested Pavelich. He added that the Italians are holding the release of Pavelich as a permanent threat over the Yugoslavs in case the latter should enter any diplomatic combination directed against Italy.

JOHANNES STEEL

New York, October 20

What Really Matters

Dear Sirs: Mr. M. Fursterberg, now of Indianapolis and formerly of Sweden, informs me that Dr. Hugo Valentin, author of "Anti-Semitism Historically and Critically Examined," which I recently reviewed in your columns, is not, as I stated, a Christian, but a Jew. I will appreciate your publishing this correction; and may I add that Dr. Valentin writes neither as a Christian nor as a Jew, but as a historian.

MARVIN LOWENTHAL

Monsey, N. Y., October 10

On Murdering Slogans

Dear Sirs: Heywood Broun expresses doubt, in your issue of September 26, that the Greeks and Romans ever "took popular slogans and placed them on some rack by which they could be stretched wholly out of their natural shape and length." Let him be assured that they did. One example will suffice. In the latter part of the Peloponnesian War the oligarchs raised the cry "Back to the constitution of our fathers" (*patria politeia*). This slogan was bandied about Athens and apparently took in a great many through its very speciousness and vagueness. It goes without saying, however, that the "ancestral constitution" the oligarchs had in mind bore no more relation to the pre-Solonian constitution than the Chicago *Tribune's* "freedom of the press" does to the well-known constitutional guaranty; a fact that was clearly demonstrated during the two brief periods in which the oligarchs bullied their way into power.

JOHN F. CHARLES

Buffalo, N. Y., October 15

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER'S experience of the early years of the Soviet Union and his wide knowledge of European affairs have fitted him to be an ideal correspondent to report the Spanish civil war. When last heard from Mr. Fischer was in Madrid preparing for the siege.

JESSE LAVENTHOL is the Harrisburg correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record.*

HAROLD J. LASKI has just published "The Rise of European Liberalism," the latest in a long line of distinguished works on political theory. He is professor of political science at the London School of Economics and an active and influential member of the British Labor Party.

ROBERT DELL is an English journalist who has a good claim to being called the doyen of the foreign-correspondent corps. Author of "My Second Country (France)," he was at one time Paris correspondent for *The Nation* and is now the Manchester *Guardian's* representative in Geneva.

ROBERT PENN WARREN, whose "36 Poems" was published in 1935, is on the editorial staff of the *Southern Review.* He was this year's recipient of Houghton Mifflin's $1,000 fellowship and the Helen Haire Levinson poetry prize, which has been awarded in the past to many of America's most distinguished poets.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON, the translator of Pirandello and Pareto, is associate professor of Romance languages at Columbia University.

WILLIAM TROY, formerly film critic for *The Nation,* is now a member of the English faculty at Bennington college.

GEORGE GENZMER is one of the contributing editors of the "Dictionary of American Biography."

LEIGH WHITE has been a journalist and an editor, and is about to become a novelist.

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